

MID-WEEK Pictorial

THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

October 10, 1936

Vol. XLIV No. 9

TEN CENTS

LEON BLUM—Europe's
Most Troubled Man

EINSTEIN—The Sailor

ERSKINE CALDWELL: The
Man under the Mountain

DEEMS TAYLOR: While
Spain Burns Pelote is King

WILLIAM ALBERT ROBINSON:
I am 200 Years too Late

HEYWOOD BROUN: Lefty
"Oedipus" Grogan

LOUIS ADAMIC: . . . But
People are Good

STUART CHASE—A full-
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MID-WEEK Pictorial

THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Cross Currents

TOM TOMS are beating again . . . Chippewa Indians on the Bois Fort Reservation at Nett Lake, Minnesota, beat a rhythm of gratitude to the Great Spirit for the bountiful crop of wild rice they harvested this glorious Indian summer.

The Great White Father at Washington and the Great-White-Father-that-would-be at Topeka, each hears the sweet music of the tom toms of pre-election forecasts, each expects to sweep the nation to victory.

Out of Harvard's tercentenary celebration came the Platonic suggestion that the seventy-two world-famous scientists and savants gathered together by the power of their collective wisdom should form a "world mind" to guide faltering nations.

League of Nations officials formally declared the world depression over, forecast a bright outlook for economic and industrial peace, whereupon the remaining gold basis countries led by France devalued their currencies, looked for higher wages at home, more trade abroad.

Let us beat the tom toms together. . . . for we personally have reason to be festive this early October, 1936. We present Mid-Week Pictorial, the Newspicture Weekly, under our new ownership, with a gay and confident heart.

* * *

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, the Newspicture Weekly, was founded in 1914 by The New York Times to present the World War in pictures.

Now, at 22 years of age, it comes under new ownership, enters into a new phase.

Here we are, then, bewildered inhabitants of a world that manufactures news at a dizzy pace, flashes it at the same crazy speed to millions who have scant time to catch their breaths between event and flash.

Airplane, radio, telephone, telegraph, teletype, high-speed presses, accelerate the news to us. We read it in headlines, hear it fleetingly over air waves. Television soon will reproduce news in the making. We are ringside spectators of the constant changes in this amazing world.

Ceaselessly tom toms are beating . . . in time to the greatest show of all, the world show.

* * *

SCENES shift so quickly. Discoveries are made and, before we have time to assimilate them, discarded. Events crowd upon each other. Idols

are set up and broken with equal thoughtlessness. Philosophies, ideas, even religious beliefs of centuries, are swept away in a day.

What is it all about? What important? What trivial? What meaningful?

What is to happen next? What? Who? Why? Where? Kipling's timeless queries plague us. Whether we listen in, whether we follow headlines, the story remains fragmentary, tantalizingly unsolved and unsettled.

To try to find the answers is a thrilling task. To that task we dedicate Mid-Week Pictorial, the Newspicture Weekly. We believe millions of people share our sense of thrilling adventure in the unsurpassed spectacle of the world show. Our task to stage the show, theirs to relax, to watch.

* * *

WE ARE dramatists of the news, and present a show a week.

We are interpreters, delving behind the scenes.

We seek to enlighten, entertain.

We regard life as truly a stage, to present the players with understanding, with sympathy.

We want to present the news in all its drama, color, meaning.

First of all, we present the picture. Photographs are all important. Sketches fill spaces where photographs might be incomplete, unavailable. Cartoons epitomize, characterize, devastate. As for words, as few of those outworn gossips as possible, as many as necessary to supplement the camera, pencil, brush.

Selection is our biggest job. Our staff, news-seasoned, sifts, traces weekly news happenings, lights up personalities, discovers new interests, selects the significant, entertaining, then epitomizes the whole panorama in visual form . . . writes the news in pictures.

We listen to the tom toms, and . . . we enter the field of publication hopefully.

* * *

If readers will feel free to write and tell us how they like our effort, we will be pleased. Tear this book apart. We will try to put it together again more effectively.

One reader writes: "I have files of Mid-Week Pictorial going back to 1914, and I would not sell or give them away for Morgan's millions . . .

What we would not give up, is the opportunity to create the Newspicture Weekly that will find and appeal to millions of readers. With your help, we believe that can be done.



Wide World

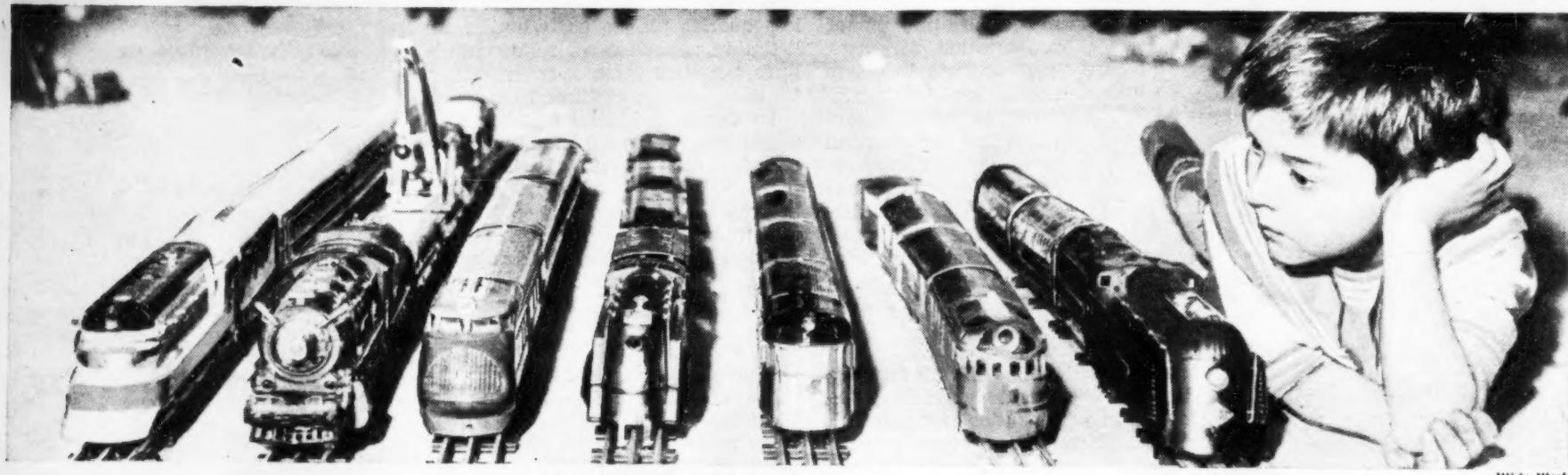
JAMES ALOYSIUS FARLEY
Democratic Campaign Manager

JOHN DANIEL MILLER HAMILTON
Republican Campaign Manager

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

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YOUNG AMERICA AT PLAY . . . AND IN SPAIN

Wide World

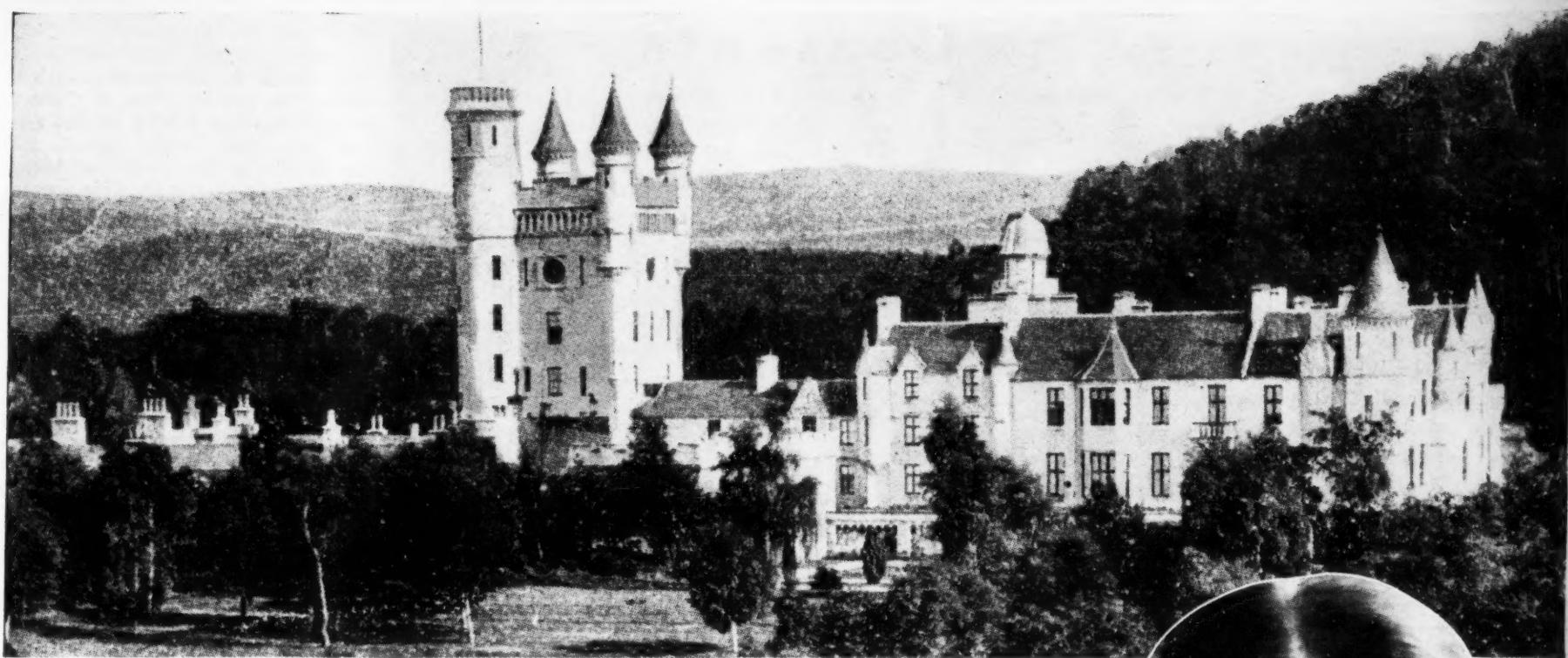


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MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Balmoral Castle, Scotland, where Wallis Simpson was the guest of Edward VIII last month

Baltimore is Proud of Wallis Simpson

Being the modern Cinderella story of the belle of an old southern family, her trying childhood, her two marriages, and her sudden success as the companion of the most notable king on earth, through natural gifts that money cannot buy

By BERNARD SIMON

IN HER home town of Baltimore, Mrs. Simpson—the Mrs. Simpson whom the British press embarrassedly ignores and everyone else is talking about—is regarded as the local girl who made good. A king is still a king and to be selected by the most notable one on earth as his almost constant companion is an honor, sir, and devil take the scandalous gossip.

She is entitled to every bit of her success, say the society matrons who made their debuts with her at a Bachelors' Cotillon twenty-two years ago. Without money or any special advantages, they say, she rose to her present position entirely through her own gifts. But they do not permit themselves to be too impressed. It may be true that this king is Edward VIII, King of England. Still, they will tell you in their slurring, semi-Southern accents, Wallis Simpson was born Wallis Warfield. People born Warfields are considered in the state of Maryland as good as anybody—royalty or what have you.

The power of this name becomes clear when one learns that Wallis' mother ran a boarding house for some years in Baltimore, but that this had no bearing on her eligibility to



The boarding-house at 212 East Biddle Street, Baltimore, where Wallis Simpson lived until she was 13



Newspaper headline-writers have made her famous as "Wally" Simpson. But no one who knows her calls her that. She was christened Bessie Wallis Warfield and everyone calls her Wallis

"come out" at the age of eighteen by attending the first "german" of the season of the snooty Bachelors' Cotillon. Debutantes in other cities would give up a dozen far glossier balls to attend one of these quaintly-called germans, but if they are the sort that "merely have money" they don't rate.

Was it really a boarding house that Wallis Simpson's mother conducted? Some say yes, some say no. But it is undoubtedly true that Mrs. Warfield had a few selected gentlemen in her home as paying guests. It was an ugly three-story house of yellow brick and rough-hewn stone on East Biddle street, near but not quite in the best residential neighborhood at the turn of the century, with none of the charm of red-brick facing, small-paned windows, green shutters and immaculate white stoops that characterize the fine old residences of Calvert street and Charles street



Wallis and her bridal attendants at her first marriage, to Lieut. Spencer, in 1916. There was a big reception at the Hotel Stafford after the ceremony, paid for by rich Uncle Sol Davies Warfield, president of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad

and Cathedral streets and Mt. Vernon place a few blocks away.

Now it is again a boarding house, not quite so genteel, and it is rented for \$30 a month. Compared to Fort Belvedere, Balmoral Castle and other royal residences where she is so often a guest of His Majesty, Edward VIII, it provides a point from which to measure how far Wallis Warfield Simpson has come along.

More than that, this house explains her whole life. At least it explains the cool calculation with

which she married her first husband, the naval officer Earle Winfield Spencer, Jr., and probably it is the key to everything else.

* * *

She was a Warfield, but she was a poor Warfield and that was the rub. At Arundel, the private school to which the best families of Baltimore send their daughters for primary education, and at Oldfields, the Episcopalian finishing school not far from the city at Glencoe, her chums were girls who did live in red

brick houses with white stoops on Mt. Vernon place and Charles street. Wallis couldn't help but feel the difference. True, in Baltimore you belong in society if you were born in society and people with money are likely to be rather vulgar, and the schoolgirls naturally accepted Wallis as one of themselves because their mothers knew her mother, and all that sort of thing. But even before she reached her teens Wallis was aware that she was a poor Warfield. There is a wry little story that proves

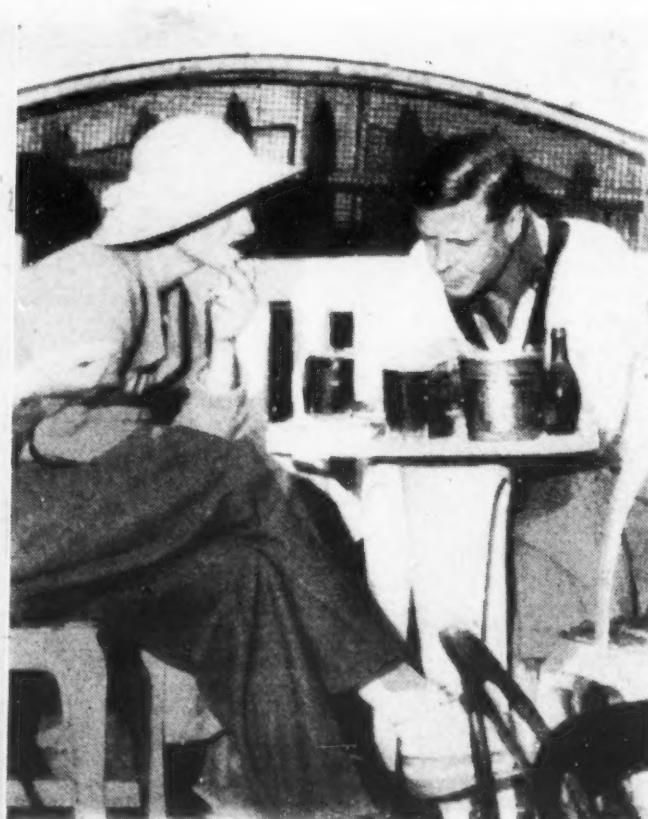
that.

When she was twelve Wallis was sent to spend the summer with her maternal grandmother at Cockeysville. (Don't be misled by the name of this little town fifteen miles northeast of Baltimore. It is pronounced as if the Y were another E). She and two other girls were taking a walk one day when a gardener appeared and gruffly ordered them away because they were trespassing on a private estate. All the girls were frightened but Wallis was particularly upset. The guard's tone had been unendurable. With the despair of those who are over-sensitive to insults because they brood over a weakness in themselves, she declared that she would drown herself, and the other girls had to drag her away from the edge of a pond.

It was not that Wallis' childhood was poverty-stricken. Her grandfather had had one of the biggest tobacco plantations on the Eastern Shore. He had disapproved of slavery and he attempted to do his part toward ending the institution by manumitting all of his own slaves as they reached the age of forty. Through this policy he was becoming heavily debt-ridden and when the Civil War at one stroke liberated all his bondsmen he was nearly ruined. For the next thirty years his family slipped quietly into a genteel decay. One of his sons, Sol Davies Warfield, got the idea of the new day and made a fine thing for himself out of banking and industry, becoming president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company, the Seaboard Air Line railway, and the Baltimore Consolidated Gas Company. All that came later, after the turn of the century.

The other son, Teackle Wallis Warfield, had no profession or business when in 1895 he married Wallis' mother, who came from an equally old family in Maryland, the Montagues. With only a slim patrimony, his profession was that of gentleman. He was not fated to practice it long. He died the same year of tuberculosis at Blue Ridge Summit, Va., a summer resort of fashionable Baltimoreans. His posthumous daughter was born two months later and was named Bessie Wallis Warfield. Bessie was in honor of her mother's sister, Bessie Montague, now Mrs. Buchanan Merryman of Washington and one of Wallis' best friends throughout her life. The Wallis part of the name stems back to the eighteenth century when a Warfield had married the daughter of another plantation owner named Teackle Wallis, with a number of descendants bearing those names down the years.

Mrs. Warfield, widowed so soon after her marriage, had a small income from her own family, and her husband had left her a little something too. Hence the "paying guests" on Biddle street to supplement these resources. Money ceased to be even a slight problem, however, when Mrs. Warfield married one of her "paying guests" in 1908—porcine-faced John Freeman Rasin. He was the son of a man who had grown rich in Baltimore politics during the lush period when Tweed was doing the same thing in New York. Thus at last when Wallis was thirteen, she moved



When on informal jaunts together, as last summer on the yachting cruise through the Mediterranean, the King likes to show the world how much he is *en rapport* with Mrs. Simpson by wearing a sweater of the same color as hers

with her mother and her new step-father out of the Biddle street house.

But Wallis was not to forget Biddle street. It was remembering it that probably made her seem always on guard with her schoolmates at Oldfields and her camp-mates at Miss Noland's summer camp for girls at Middleburg, Va. No one ever seemed to get to know her really. Not that she was reserved or shy. Quite the reverse. She was a constantly animated chatterbox. But she never exposed herself. Like Shakespeare's Viola "she never told her love" of anything. If she ever had any particular interests—in boys, in athletics, in pets, in books, in music, in games—she never let on. She took pleasure in teasing the girls who were rash enough to reveal their secrets.

When she was fourteen she met a boy in the study of a chum's father, a clergyman. The chum said, "He's a choir boy, isn't he good looking," Wallis shrugged and said "He's all right." No more than that. But for weeks afterward she came every day to the church to hear the boy sing at evensong. Her schoolmates heard of this and began to rag her. At first Wallis coolly insisted that she went because she liked the music. Then she abruptly stopped going to hear it. Nobody must ever have anything on her. The boy was the son of a fireman and Wallis never spoke a word to him.

It was partly Biddle street, too, that made her so careful about her clothes. Her dresses were the envy of all the other girls. They were not expensive, but they had style, flair, individuality. In her early teens she learned to be smart. She schooled herself in poise. She discovered what an easy success could be had by being candid to the point of brutality. People found her refreshing and amusing because she seemed always to "say exactly what she thinks" so she made that her constant manner.

Clothes and manner became important considerations for another reason besides the memory of Biddle street—she was not growing up to be very pretty. To be sure, she was not exactly plain. Framed with straight, absolutely black hair, her face was regular without being handsome. Her mouth was a little too straight, her eyebrows a trifle too bushy, her cheeks drawn thin, her nose somewhat bulbous. She made up for all this with a tirelessly vivacious personality.

She was popular the year she came out, but not quite popular enough. Her official partners at that first German were relatives—her cousin Henry Warfield, Jr., and General George Barnett of the Marine Corps, husband of her mother's first cousin. The Barnetts and Aunt Bessie Merryman entertained a good deal for her. But a girl who is really a rage during her first winter out doesn't go off in the middle of it for a two months' visit in Florida. Wallis went to visit Cousin George Barnett's daughter, Lelia, the wife of a naval lieutenant stationed at Pensacola. There she met Lieut. Spencer. He came from a wealthy Chicago family and was therefore in the eyes of an ambitious girl quite eligible. But be-



In Budapest last summer their presence together was so much a matter of course that hostesses extended invitations to "His Majesty the King and Mrs. Simpson"



The British like to ignore what they don't like, so this photo, taken by an English newspaperman, has never appeared in England. It shows Wallis and the King on a shore excursion in a little Jugoslavian town—the King with the first smile caught by the camera in years

fore accepting his proposal, she decided to come back to Baltimore and look over the home field once more. She went to a houseparty at Princeton early in May, went to performances of the Paint and Powder club, attended dances and teas for the benefit of war-sufferers. In September her engagement to Lieut. Spencer was announced.

A man named Carter Osburne who was with the troops then chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico was upset by the news, but the record shows no other young men were cast into despair. Osburne had used to meet Wallis at secret rendezvous when she was at Oldfields. He was rather badly struck, it appears. But Osburne's family was only comfortably well off. Today he is an automobile salesman in Baltimore. Wallis had an instinct about men.

Wallis married Spencer in fashionable Christ church the day after the election in which Woodrow Wilson defeated Hughes—Nov. 8, 1916, "one of the most important weddings of the season" said the Baltimore Sun the next morning. The marriage lasted nearly eleven years. Wallis fell easily into the life of the naval stations—Pensacola, San Diego, Shanghai, Washington. She liked parties and parties take up a lot of time in the navy. She liked the kind of parties that don't end, or at least seem they never will.

It appeared that she was born to be a naval officer's wife. She had a genius for dominating a whole roomful of ensigns, lieutenants, commanders, captains, admirals and their wives, and gave them the impression of being not only very gay but also witty. Actually she seldom said anything brilliant, but she dispensed large supplies of the candor that seems to be wit at the moment, especially if one has had three or four highballs and the chatter is both loud and fast. Wallis caused uproarious laughter when she said things most other people would leave unsaid, and instead of saying them screamed them—and kept screaming them not only at midnight but at

(Continued on page 58)



Drive up to La Garbo's \$75,000 farmhouse

The Lady of the Manor



Is Greta Garbo Really Going Home Now?

Mysterious Star's Purchase of \$75,000 Manor House in Sweden stirs Hollywood to wonder if she will make it a hermitage for her retirement from screen

DOES the purchase of a huge, forested estate forty miles from Stockholm in her native Sweden mean that after all the rumors and hints Greta Garbo is at last retiring from the bright kleigs of Hollywood? Is a picturesquely, tree-shaded 19-century manor house to be the mysterious Queen of the Shadowland's hermitage? Hollywood says yes and Hollywood says no.

Guesses and rumors are once more rife in film-land. All that is certain is that Garbo has actually purchased this remote, sequestered farmhouse hidden in a neck of woods outside Stockholm, that it cost the star \$75,000, that it is a remodeled ten-room heirloom from a past age, and that the sale was made through the actress' brother, Mr. Gustavsson, in Sweden.

All talk of Greta's retirement may still be premature. But the star has voiced constantly her desire to leave behind her the career that brought fortune to an obscure Swedish waitress. One of the few genuine personalities in Hollywood, she deliberately sought seclusion and secrecy from the battery of publicity men and autograph hunters, rose from obscurity to international fame. Thirteen years ago a bathing beauty in a forgotten flicker made in Sweden called "Luffer Petter," she soon became a glamorous enigma whose headdress was copied by a thousand women, whose pale, immobile face haunted movie palaces from Kansas City to Shanghai. The \$75,000 manor house marks the success of an actress whose first salary was 10 meagerly Swedish crowns.



Wooded acres surround the Garbo estate . . . Where La Garbo—with apple and tailored suit—can walk and "be alone" to her heart's content

Japan Digs in—

Awakened China may force Chiang Kai-Shek to fight

All photos International



Japanese entrench in their bomb-proof fort (walls are of concrete six-feet thick) in Shanghai's center—



after landing, as in 1932, to administer martial law in Shanghai

WITH the eyes of Western Powers fastened on Spain, sly Japan sticks her fists further into China. Chances are this time she may get her fingers burned. When her pudgy, aggressive hands made their 1932 Shanghai grab, interior China slept through it all. Now in even remote corners of the land an awakened people agitate for a war to win back what was taken from them, or at least prevent further encroachment.

Japan demands: (1) cooperation against communists in all parts of China, including brigading of Japanese troops with Chinese on all anti-Communist fronts; (2) employment of Japanese advisers in all military and civilian branches of the Chinese Government and autonomy for five northern provinces; (3) a pledge by the Chinese government to hold itself responsible for all anti-Japanese activities originating with or sponsored by the Kuomintang (National People's Party); (4) immediate revision of all Chinese textbooks, eliminating everything from them that might foment or nourish anti-Japanism; (5) reduction of China's tariff back to the level of 1928; (6) complete suppression of all Korean anti-Japanese plots carried on by Koreans living in China; (7) immediate establishment of a commercial airline to handle mail and passengers between Shanghai and Fukuoka.

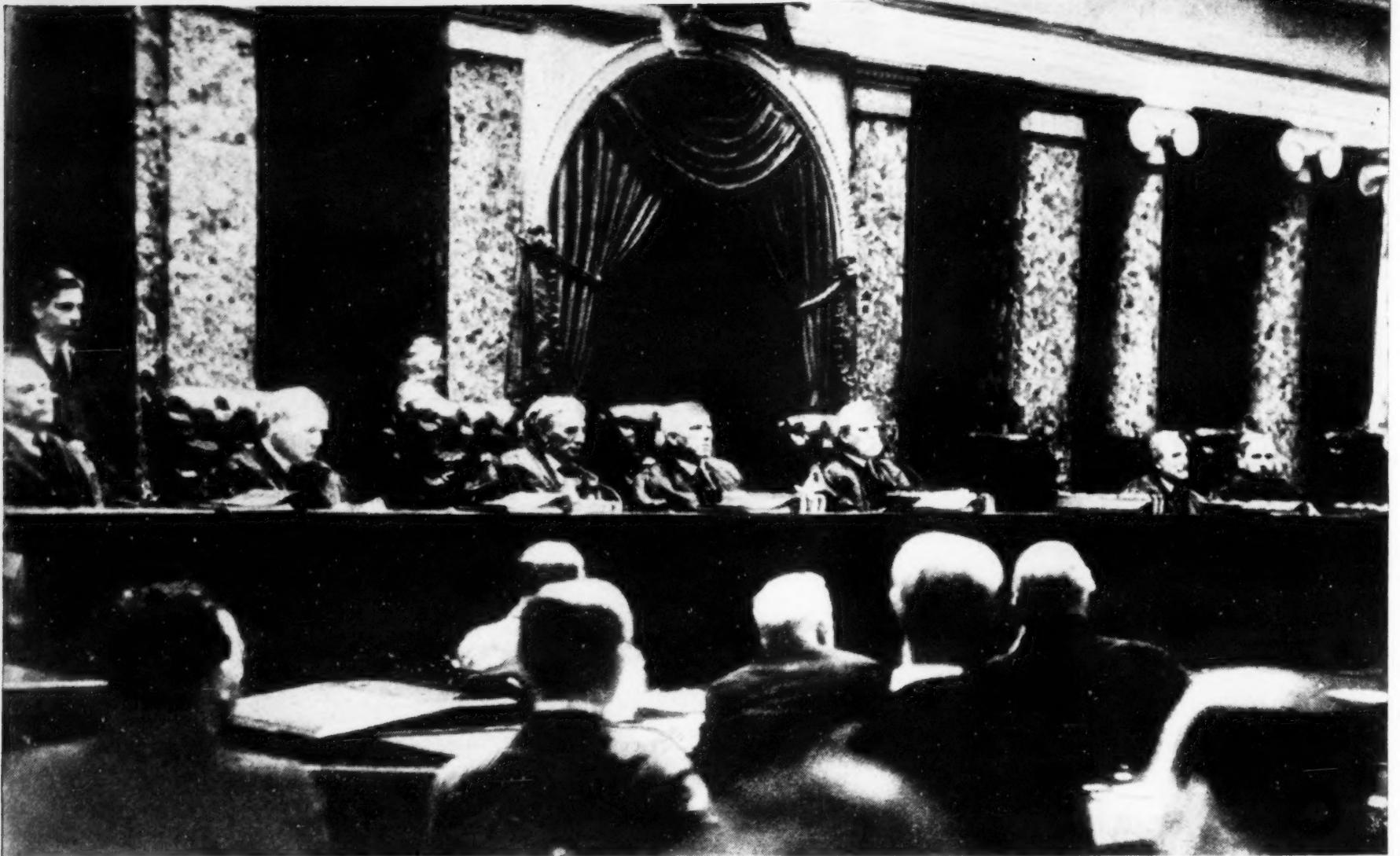
Chinese Foreign Minister Chang Chun did not take these Japanese

demands lying flat on his back. He dared to talk back mildly, suggested Japan consider China's desires. They are: (1) Japanese cooperation in suppressing Japanese, Korean and Formosan smugglers on the Chinese coast; (2) abolition of the Tangku truce and of the demilitarized zone

in Hopei; (3) withdrawal of Japanese troops from all positions in Hopei and Charbar provinces; and (4) abolition of Yin Ju-keng's East Hopei autonomous regime.

While diplomats bicker, Chinese carry on large movements of men, supplies and airplanes twenty miles

from Shanghai. General Chiang Kai-shek warns agitators that China is not ready to fight for its rights, but a less cautious populace, remembering the heroic 19th Route Army of 1932, may force his hand, though 12 threatening Japanese warships lay in Chinese waters.



International

Supreme Court Weighs New Deal Again

THE New Deal proposes but the Supreme Court disposes. The session of the Court which opened on October 5 promises once more to make our highest court the storm center of current political controversy. Exercising powers unheard of in most countries, the Court has been more powerful than ever under the New Deal. In the first 75 years of its history, the Court voided only two Acts of Congress, and one of these decisions—that in the case of Dred Scott—was itself voided by the Civil War. But in its last two sessions the Court has overruled the New Deal no less than eight times, upheld it only twice. Nine more cases are before it now.

John Marshall, though he brought the wrath first of Jefferson and later of Jackson down upon himself, started out modestly enough. He laid the basis for the Court's present veto power over Congress by declining to exercise jurisdiction conferred on the Court by Congress. Marshall claimed the powers Congress had given the Court were contrary to the Constitution. Now it boldly tells Congress what it can and cannot do. At the 1934-35 term, it threw out N.R.A., railroad pensions, the farm mortgage moratorium and oil regulation, though it did uphold abrogation of gold payment. At the 1935-36 term, it threw out A.A.A., ordered the return of impounded processing taxes,

held the Guffey Act to regulate coal mining and working conditions unconstitutional, and overruled the Municipal Bankruptcy Act. Even the Supreme Court found it had to wash away Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals and upheld its constitutionality, though it did not commit itself on T.V.A. as a whole.

Fresh from its long summer vacation, the Court now settles down to consider the Wagner Labor Relations Act, government aid to municipal electric plants, the Public Utility Holding Company Act, the 1933 "Truth in Securities" Act, and the Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act. It may also, if it so chooses, grant a rehearing of the New York Minimum Wage Law Case. The Court's decision in this case, forbidding the States to fix minimum wages for women and children as a violation of "liberty of contract" after it had forbade the Federal government to fix minimum wages as an interference with the Rights of the States, evoked more protest even than its anti New Deal decisions at the last session.

Unlike humans, the Court grows more vigorous as it grows older and the so-called Nine Old Men continue to bite off more than any one else would dare to chew. They sit in judgment on Acts of Congress. They sit in judgment on rulings of public utility regulatory commissions. At the last

session the Court also took unto itself the power to override assessments fixed by State and local boards of assessors. What new powers it may create at this session, or what new doctrines it may bring forth from the Constitution, no one knows.

Liberals and radicals call the Court an American House of Lords, referring to the veto power the British House of Lords had before Lloyd George pulled its teeth in 1909. Conservatives look to it as a bulwark of property and personal rights. Politicians grow more and more fearful of attacking it. All sorts of proposals have been made to curb the Court's power. Some suggest unanimous decisions to void legislation; others a majority of at least seven of the nine Justices. Some propose the Court be "packed" with New Deal liberals. A few would take from the Court its power to override Acts of Congress. The more moderate would amend the Constitution to give Congress the powers denied it by the Court's interpretation of the Constitution. But the politicians grow more and more fearful of attacking the Court.

In this campaign the Democrats

suggest mildly that they will amend the Constitution "if necessary." The Republicans say they will amend the Constitution to give broader powers to the States "if necessary." The "if necessary" hardly seems necessary after the brisk work done by the Court with its judicial besom at the last two sessions.



Will more New Deal laws end here?

AMERICAN LABOR STEPS INTO POLITICAL ARENA

LABOR actually is organizing to voice its own political cause. This, perhaps, is the most significant innovation in the coming elections. With his own political party functioning within the New Deal, the organized worker will support Roosevelt as his champion, not as a Democrat.

On the surface this seems no more than a method of Democratic strategists to secure the labor vote in November. But, what will happen to the infant party thereafter? Will it move up and fight the Democratic and Republican parties, will it become the much-anticipated third party, or will it merely peter out? Will the Committee for Industrial Organization and its militant leader,

John L. Lewis, weld the great body of American workers into a definite party in 1940?

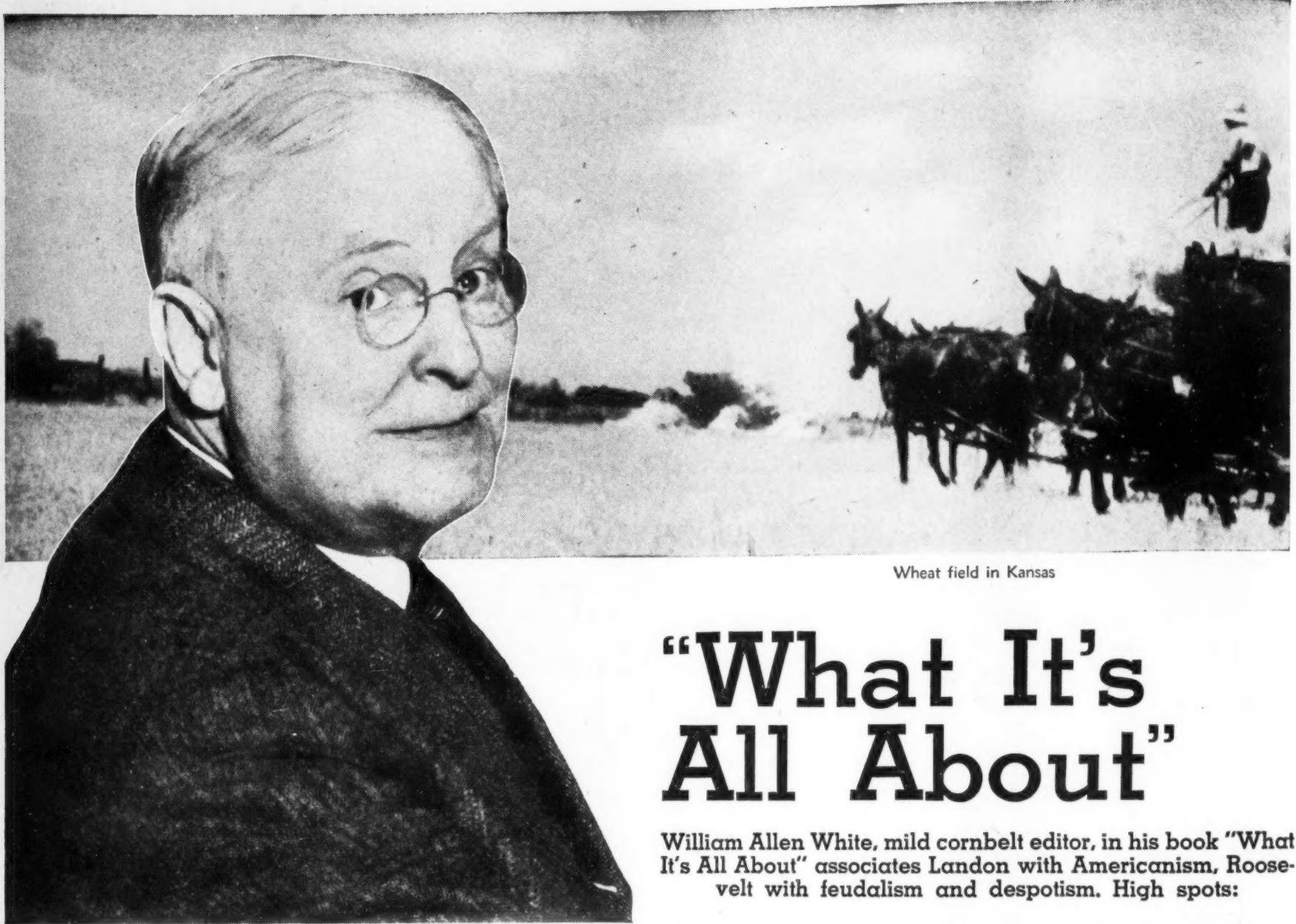
Sidney Hillman

John L.
Lewis

George L.
Berry

The American laborer still has the psychology of his employers. The majority of workers think in terms essentially capitalistic. This state of mind no agitator will change; but if the major contradiction in our system, unemployment, is not solved, the United States may expect the end of its two-party system and the development of a labor party along British lines.





Wheat field in Kansas

"What It's All About"

William Allen White, mild cornbelt editor, in his book "What It's All About" associates Landon with Americanism, Roosevelt with feudalism and despotism. High spots:

On Finance:

"(Landon is) a Kansas liberal who is for sound money."

"Landon has by his leadership with the legislature greatly strengthened the budget laws and limited by rigid legislative enactment any sort of deception, any sort of nonsense in balancing not only the state budget but the budgets of the townships, school boards, the cities and the counties."

On Philosophy of Government:

"Jefferson's face would burn to a crisp at a Democratic party which promised to install a government so centralized in Washington that Alexander Hamilton would gasp at its audacity."

"Roosevelt and Landon are symbols of their party objectives. Roosevelt incarnates the new unhampered leadership which inspires hypnotic devotion with the incandescent lure of his promises. Landon personifies the old average, middle-class, country-bred American (and has) all the faults of his virtues."

"The Republican platform makes a less abrupt break with the American past than the Democratic declaration. Comparing the Republican platform of 1932 with that of 1936, one sees a long trek forward has been taken by the Republicans. But comparing the Democratic platform of 1932 with that of 1936, we can see that the distance covered is not a trek—it is a long journey to a new land."

On Democratic Dangers:

"This whole new American political tendency is a reversion to feudalism, modern feudalism but typical of all feudalisms—at its best a despotic paternalism. Roosevelt is 'the platform'."

"The Republican platform, taken in large, seems to be a picture of conservatism being pulled forward by a liberal leash; the Democratic platform looks as though liberalism was being dragged forward reluctantly by radicalism."

"(The Democratic party) was cribbed definitely a leftist party. It is bred of three blood streams: First, the Old South, a remote grandmother; second, the new Tammany, all-American wigwam wherein the Irish rule the urban population; and third, in its blood is a strong strain of farm-labor radicalism."

Candidate Landon:

"Landon has always touched reality. He has always faced life at first hand. He is no theorist, and the Lord be praised, he is no orator. In politics more calamitous blunders have been made by the theory that an orator is a statesman than for any other reason."

"Before every important political move he has made in Kansas he has consulted an academician, but Landon did not give the professor executive power. He has taken the expert's wisdom, but has kept power for himself. He uses men more or less like tools."

"Nothing in Alfred Landon's life has ever been casual. Generally, he figures it all out. He knows where he is going—and how."

"But always he was the gambler, with the gambler's thrill to sustain him."

"He is just the kind of man you meet and like in your daily life, the average, fairly successful, honest, brave, courteous American, but never a backslapper, never mushy, never a two-faced politician."

"There is no reason why any straightforward, hard-working, clear-thinking, unflinching American citizen should go through a long course of politics to succeed in a political executive job."

On the American way:

"We know now that there is an American way, a way in which democracy functions with some roughly estimated justice. We who call ourselves Republicans in this campaign believe that we can save our democracy intact, that we may save the capitalist system along with the traditional political order dreamed of by the fathers of the Republic. Mr. Roosevelt declares for, and apparently believes in, a system undreamed of by the fathers. His reality is not ours. The decision of this campaign is between his reality and that other reality which would save the old order for evolutionary rather than revolutionary change. Economic thinking moves like molasses in January. Sometimes revolutionary action is swift and fluid and

brings economic change with breathtaking rapidity.

"But the gain is only seeming. Slowly social forces resume their course. Reaction gains power. Reason steps in. Emotions rest. The common sense of man in the end prevails. Within a decade or a generation, social progress is about where it would have been under normal processes of growth."

"Under the moon in Franklin Field, that murky June night in Philadelphia, Roosevelt said many noble and eloquent things. But in the light of day with the fizz gone out of the occasion all this fine rhetoric seems moonshine."

"This generation has a rendezvous with destiny," cried Roosevelt in his ardor. The truth is that every generation has its rendezvous with destiny and the work of one generation is about the same as the work of any other.

"The generation which was born too late to fight the Civil War had its tasks in the Seventies, Eighties, Nineties . . . It had a continent to conquer, cities to build, railways to lay, a mighty commerce to establish . . . And over it all my generation had to establish some approximate of justice—some working formula that would hold together the work of our hands."

"This fine new generation coming up over the hill to its moon-eyed Rooseveltian rendezvous will make as many mistakes as we made—the human average."



Stock Exchange in New York

"I'm for ROOSEVELT"

Joseph P. Kennedy, money-changer in towering Wall Street temples, in his book defies fellow stock-jobbers, insists the New Deal spends America out of debt. High spots:

On Finance:

"Many speak critically of the President because of the vast burden of debt which he has piled up, 'for our children to pay.' Some who urge his criticism are sincere and well-meaning, happy at the thought of recovery, unhappy at the prospect of payment. Some, of course, are motivated by a resentment they feel for all social welfare measures, particularly those which appear costly. I submit that none of these critics have a proper appreciation of the nature of the debt and its relation to our whole economy, present and future."

"If increased earnings result from borrowing, it is wholly justified. Similarly it is necessary to look at the profit and loss account of the Nation as a whole to ascertain whether this increased per capita obligation has been justified by an increase in earning power and wealth."

"In the first place, the total indebtedness in this country of all kinds is now less than when the New Deal began. In fact, our total indebtedness is less than that of 1929."

On Philosophy of Government:

"If the American people want the policies advocated by the President to prevail, they shall prevail, and in an orderly, peaceful and constitutional manner. And this despite the reign of horror conjured up by the 'Constitutionalists' whose opposition, if the truth were known, is more mundane and selfish than the ideals

of patriotism and human welfare in the name of which they protest."

"Possibly one of the greatest political contributions of President Roosevelt has been the vindication of democracy as an efficient political instrument that can act swiftly and decisively, and powerfully and constructively, without sacrificing any of the substance of democracy."

"The president's record is one of respect for individual rights and regard for the need of social control to handle that form of individualism which, unrestrained, destroys democracy."

"Straight-thinking people know that unemployment is the root of all the ills and ailment of subjugated people of Europe. The critics of the Roosevelt administration, who so loudly and devoutly profess their unwavering belief in democracy, refuse, for reasons best known to themselves, to support the administration's attempt to obliterate unemployment, the greatest threat and menace to our institutions of freedom."

Candidate Roosevelt:

"President Roosevelt has succeeded in uniting the interests of farmers, laborers and the mass of business men by demonstrating the interdependence of their interests."

"I am not ashamed to record that in those (1932) days I felt and said I would be willing to part with half of what I had if I could be sure of keeping, under law and order, the other half."

"Those who, in the last days of



President Hoover's administration, would have given half of all they possessed to save the rest, now have much more. Yet they have turned venomously on the man responsible for this change."

The Future:

"Everybody realizes that a better way to solve the question of surpluses is to increase consumption,

and this is the direction in which the New Deal is looking for its eventual solution. However, since nobody has been able to suggest a practical method of accomplishing this result quickly, the only remaining device is to reduce production to the level of reasonable demand and then gradually try to increase both production and consumption."

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE NEW DEAL, ACCORDING TO KENNEDY

IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

	1929	1932	1936
Total revenue of U. S. treasury.....	4,730	2,709	5,000
Total receipts	4,536	5,865	9,400
Total deficit	194	3,156	4,400

Market Value of securities

listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange	47,297	36,857	39,648
(At the end of May) Bonds	70,921	16,141	49,999

INDEXES OF EMPLOYMENT PAY-ROLLS AND INDUSTRY

Factory Employment	105	63	86
Factory Payrolls	109	47	79
Industrial Production	119	65	99

INCREASED ACTIVITY

Building Contracts (37 states)	5,748	1,356	997*
(000,000)	42,298	8,688	10,942*
Pig Iron (000 of long tons)	54,312	13,320	17,341
Steel Ingots	4,402	2,348	2,761*

COMMODITY PRICES

Wholesale Prices (784 Commodities)			
Annual Index (1926—100)	95.3	64.8	79.8
Cost of Living (1923—100)	100.	77.7	84.4
Farm Commodity Prices (1909-14 = 100)	146.	65.	106.

* (1st five mo.)

Europe's Most Troubled Man

LÉON



Colonel de la Roque, gripping speaker of French Fascism, exhorts the semi-military Croix de Feu



There is no peace for troubled Léon Blum, Popular Front premier of the French republic. Some say he may be the last constitutional leader before a coup d'état, product of an era of internecine violence, ushers in a new French autocracy. The task of Blum as he sees it is to hold to a middle, though leftish, course and to allay as far as possible the hatreds of those clashing extremes, French Fascists of the Croix de Feu and French Communists under Thorez.

The government of Léon Blum—who is personally hated by official Germany and by many a Frenchman because he is a Jew—remains in power with the help of the Communists who have already denounced him because of the embargo he has placed

on arms for Spain and the stand he has taken for European neutrality. Soon Premier Blum may be forced to convoke a special session of the Chambre des Députés and ask for a vote of confidence on Spanish neutrality.

Much hangs on the fate of the Blum government in France. Communist Russia and Fascist Germany wonder which way France will turn after Léon Blum, who pleads futilely for peace and quiet, resigns office to a less compromising and more definite successor. But meanwhile Europe's worried man is polite to everybody, to La Pasionaria, firebrand of Spain, to the Nazi delegation under Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, and to all Frenchmen.

BLUM



High surge the passions of embittered Frenchmen in the battle of left and right



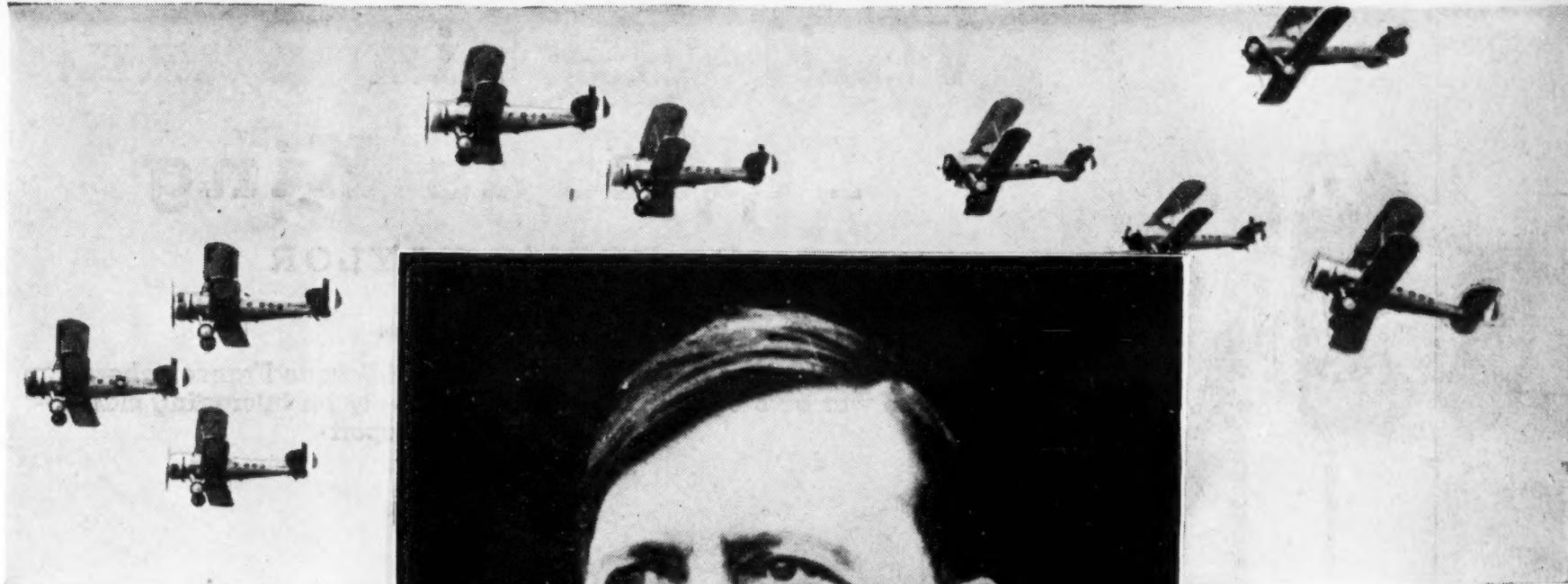
Leon Trotsky, revolutionist before whose uncompromising theories even Soviet Russia trembles. Said Exile Trotsky, "Stalin is no Communist"



Defense Commissar Klementy E. Voroshiloff speaks for the Red Army. Standing with Dictator Josef Stalin, he insists that theirs is an army of peace but that it will carry war with an aggressor (Germany) into the aggressor's territory, that the enemy will be smashed with all the terrible engines of Soviet military science



Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden so far has steered Great Britain safely on the outskirts of Europe's maelstrom. But Eden and the Baldwin government have yet to decide whom they will back as the great nations of Europe take sides



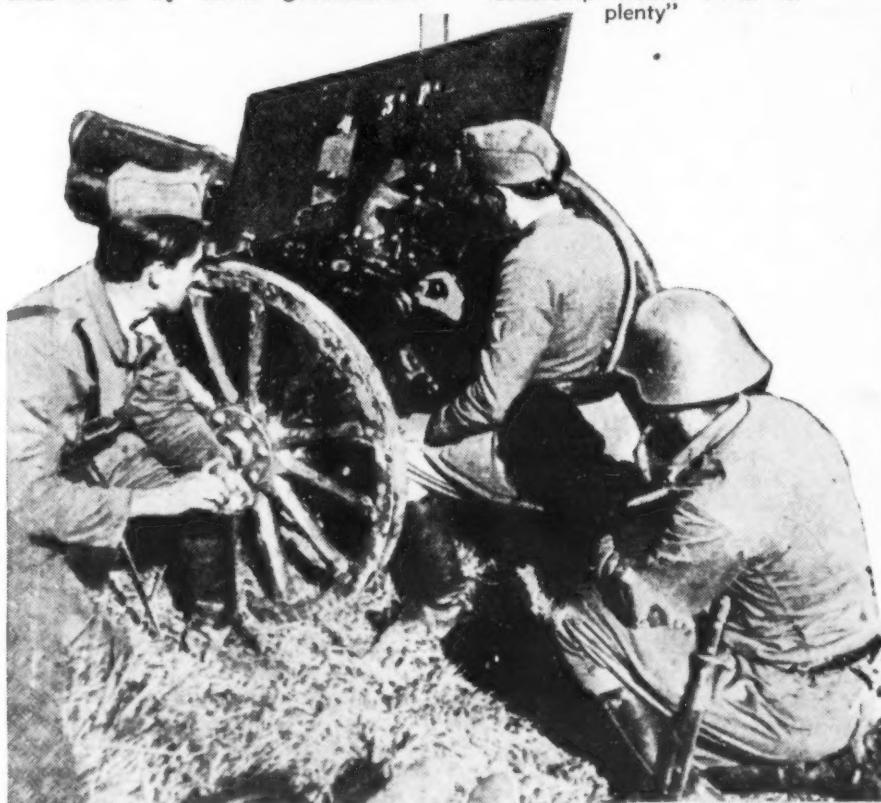
Vast and fantastic are the schemes of Germany's Hitler. He rose to power in the Fatherland on the pretext of saving the country from Communism. Now he wants to repeat this technic on a European scale. He dreams of a vast European conquest being granted him as the savior of the continent from Bolshevism.

Hitler outlined again these daring plans at the recent party conclave at Nuremberg—he had already written the whole thing out in *Mein Kampf* a decade ago. He intends to enlist the aid of Italy and England as well as a Fascist France in a kind of holy war against the Red menace. The war with Russia may be inconclusive, but the prestige of the Reichsfuehrer will tower to the skies. He sees himself a new Napoleon, and the fate of Napoleon does not seem to worry him.

Naturally, after the war with Russia, Balkan hegemony for Germany, Mittel-europa and perhaps a good part of the Russian Ukraine will be prizes which are in Hitler's dream no more than the due of the Third Reich.

These fantastic ambitions, of which he makes no secret even while he protests his desire for peace in his diplomatic utterances, are naturally regarded with uneasiness by the governments of surrounding countries—even by those governments

which have more or less sympathetic leanings toward fascism. For they know from his incendiary speeches to his own followers that the kind of peace Hitler wants is a *Pax Germanica*, imposed upon a conquered Europe by the victorious armies of the Third Reich.



Fascist guns, sent from Germany, already shoot with deadly effect in Spain

"IF I HAD THE URAL MOUNTAINS"

Hitler told his party congress in Nuremberg, "with their incalculable store of treasures in raw materials, Siberia with its vast forests and the Ukraine with its tremendous wheat fields, Germany and the National Socialist leadership would swim in plenty."



Premier Benito Mussolini builds a big army and boastfully challenges the world, but nobody knows which side *il duce* will take. Steadily, since the end of hostilities in Ethiopia, he has been cementing a new friendship with England

While Spain Burns Pelote is King

By DEEMS TAYLOR

Sports photos by the author

Carnival reigns in the seacoast resort of Basque France, where the war across the border for many is only an interesting sideshow to the national sport



On towering balconies, typical of Spanish seacoast homes, men and women watch the progress of war, and death



On a traditional tin horn the announcer calls the French Basques to the pelote court for the afternoon's game



Chiquito de Cambo, famous player of the Basque national game walks across a huge pelote court. Almost as strange as their game is the language of these Basques. To the amazement of philologists and ethnologists it resembles nothing in Europe, but is like Japanese

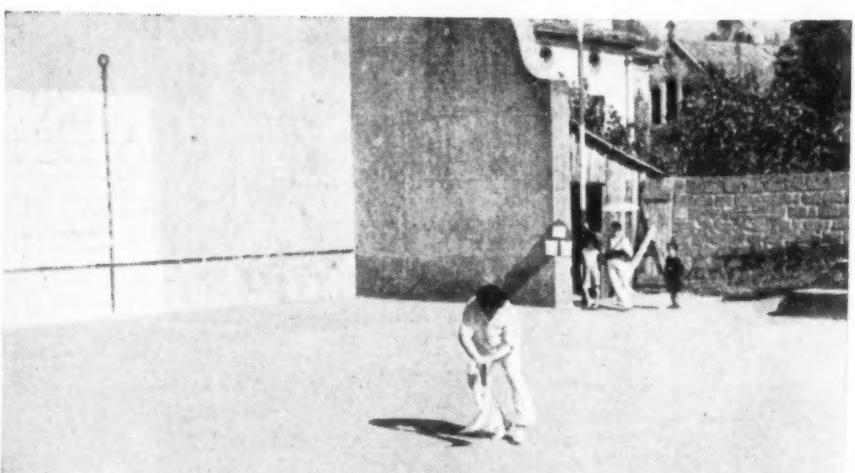
Would you take in the grand circuit races? Or hire a plane and, with a pair of opera glasses, see the war at close range?

A French Basque would choose the races.

At St. Jean de Luz this August, when the announcer tooted the signal for the afternoon game on his traditional tin horn, the population to a man disregarded war trumpetings in Spanish Basque San Sebastian, 12 miles south . . . in favor of the honorable Basque national sport, *Pelote*.

On my first day at St. Jean de Luz this past August, the leading trio of the French Basque Pelote League was scheduled to oppose an ace Spanish Basque team. The Spanish affair between the loyalists and the rebels had as much box-office appeal as the high-school sluggers would have if the St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs were playing the town.

With the first smash of the hard leather ball against the cement fronton, or backboard, the boom of distant guns was forgotten. Basques have played pelote for more years than historians can trace, and every village has its pelote court where ambitious future champions practice



Pelote is played against a wall about twenty feet high, called the fronton. In the similar Spanish and Cuban game of jai-alai, three walls are used. Here a player is sending over a steaming underhand forty feet from the fronton

from the age of 7 on. An independent nation since before the dawn of history, in 1900 the tiny Basque province was divided nationally into French and Spanish territory, and nowadays Spanish civil war doesn't count when French and Spanish Basques settle differences on the ancient and honorable pelote court.

Until 50 years ago, the Basque country was as separate from the

rest of Europe, and even from its immediate neighbors, as if it had been on the top of the Himalayas or in the middle of Antarctica. Naturally there is a strong race feeling among Basques based on their century-old blood kinship. This national feeling apparently concentrates the interest of the Basque people on their own traditions and customs, and renders them immune to the struggles and sufferings of the world outside.

And so, while their Spanish neighbors were shooting out each other's entrails, and blowing each other's bodies and brains to bloody bits, the Basques carried on their turbulent annual fêtes or fiestas with undisturbed enjoyment. I thought it was a grotesque contrast to have people taking each other's lives on one side of an imaginary line, while people on the other side—blood brothers, in

fact—wore gay carnival costumes, shouted, drank, and flung confetti as if this were the happiest of all world's instead of the most confused. As a sort of final mockery of the "hounds of war," the leaders of the revel carried on their shoulders *El Toro del Fuego*, a papier mache bull, sacred to this holiday. From *El Toro*'s ribs exploded pin-wheels, rockets, and Roman candles—against



Modern shells blow the settled dust and the houses of old Spain high in the air as shellfire rakes an old city. Europeans look across the border at scenes like this

the menacing background of Spanish guns.

To be perfectly honest, while in the Basque country, I behaved as a Basque and tried to think about war as little as they did. After all, I was a war correspondent in 1917-18, and what I like to do most about war is to forget it. The thing I remember best about war is the attitude of mind you have to acquire to go on living—you have to think you're dead. You live only by chance, in a world of death, in a world in which the normal condition is death.

It was sort of hard *not* thinking about war. For instance, sun-basking on the St. Jean beach, I saw an unmistakable brownish white vapor rising cloud-like from the Pyrenees. I'd seen the same cloud formation often at Verdun, only it wasn't clouds, it was a tell-tale vaporous residue signifying shell-fire, and I knew that beneath it might lie the spattered bodies of shell-fire casualties.

At Behobie, where I went for dinner at an out-door cafe, the Bidassoa River marks the boundary between France and Spain. Sitting on the terrace over my coffee and a remarkably fine Basque liqueur . . . I saw fine stands of Indian corn rising from the river banks and sloping upwards toward the Pyrenees, as green and fat-eared as Pennsylvania fields watered by the Susquehanna.

"Sacre bleu!" said one French boy in my party, impatiently training his



An old Spanish woman is lifted from a boat onto the beach at Hendaye, France, where she will sit with the other refugees and watch the burning of her home with the destruction of bloody Irún across the river

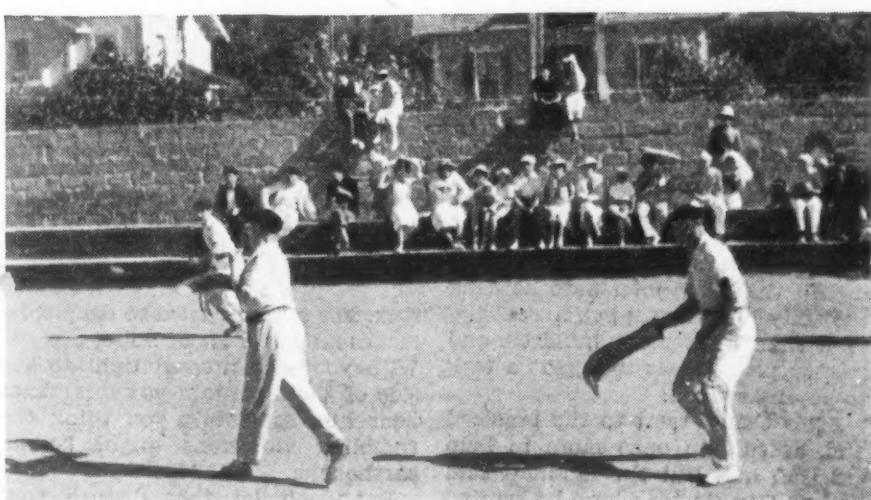
lens on the battle he could hear but not see because of the vapor obstruction. He and his friend, both of them under 20, had rented field glasses from the concessionaire who did a lively trade in this commodity for

the morbidly curious. From the talk that passed between my beardless companions, I gathered that they think war is the only adventurous and desirable pursuit for real heroes. One of them is a militant communist, that's the 18-year-old, and the 15-year-old is a militant royalist. If it hadn't been for their common interest in the big fight beyond the mountain ridge, they would have been at war among themselves, I suppose.

Dotting the green corn fields at Behobie were white stucco farm cottages, their roofs of bright cherry tile, moss-grown. There were no people visible, and no sound, except the mournful howling of a distant dog, searching vainly for his vanished master. Otherwise there was silence . . . the silence of death.

"Dites," said the 15-year-old. He was a little subdued. "You have seen a war . . . In a war . . . do they fight on Sunday?"

"Yes, my boy, I'm afraid they do."



Pelote is a speedy game. Here a Basque player has caught the pelote in the groove of the cesto, which is strapped to his arm, and is winding up for a throw

I knew that the cottages were empty, the rich fields deserted, in a terrified flight from death. I knew that within the next week, the next day, the charming cottages might be powder dust, the fertile fields thrown out of production for 50 years, by the chance strike of bomb or cannon ball. This to me typifies war—wasted fields, wasted work, wasted years, and wasted millions—in money and in lives. To me, war is a trap laid by imbeciles to snare imbeciles.



A fleeing man, caught by the photographer, as he raced with death. Raymond Vanker found a baby in a ruined house in Irún, as the city was being fired. He ran with it, pursued by gunfire, across the international bridge into France

The Man Under the Mountain

By ERSKINE CALDWELL

That deep and ominous rumble in the Alabama hills is Dan Caster struggling for air

FOR ELEVEN YEARS now I have known the man under the mountain. I have visited with him and talked to him about once every six months during the past decade. I do not know how long he had been there before I saw him the first time; even he is not certain how long it has been. But his name is Dan Caster, and some people say Dan Caster has been under the mountain as long as there have been red hills in Alabama.

He is the kind of person who, under other circumstances, would be generally known as a solid citizen. Solid, that is, as a credit risk; as a voice in his community; as a dependable contributor to progressive movements.



However, Dan Caster has been under the mountain, I believe, almost from the day he was born. He lies there now, kicking, squirming, shouting his lungs out. He is crying out for a breath of air down there under a massive mound of rock and earth which rises half a mile high from the surrounding country. Several hundred miles away, on top of another mountain, men are setting up the figure of a Vulcan who was released from the red ore of the Alabama earth and cast into the form of a heroic statue. The Vulcan

of Alabama is silent; he was made that way.

Dan Caster, the man under the mountain, was made with the power of speech. He learned at an early age how to express his wants, wishes, and convictions with the common words of American life. He went to work as a farmer; he married; he was the father of twelve children. During all that period in his life he was talking a little. He would say he wanted to buy a new tool for the farm; he would say he wished to send all of his children to school; he would say he believed it was wrong for his landlord to weigh, gin, and sell the cotton he had made, and not to permit him to see the figures.

He talked that way for eight or ten or twelve years,—nothing wholly unbecoming in a tenant, but perhaps a little too loud in front of the cotton buyers when his landlord was present. Maybe it was the insistent note in his voice that made the landlord squirm; but whatever it was, the landlord expressed his dislike by moving Dan and his family off the bale-an-acre cotton land to a back part of the plantation where the land was soil-washed and eroded. Back there Dan had a difficult time of it for seven years,—trying to raise a quarter of a bale of cotton to the acre on eighth-of-an-acre land.

After that experience he talked some more. He told the landlord he wanted better land to farm. The landlord told Dan to get off the plantation; he even went so far as to bring around a deputy sheriff to see to it that Dan Caster got off the land before the sun set that very same day.

Dan moved off.—I am not certain in what year this took place; it was probably in 1915 or 1916.—He found a shack of two rooms for his wife and children. There was no land to cultivate; he had to find something to do. He started out to look for abandoned pine stumps; he had an axe and it was his plan to split the fat pine, tie it into bundles, and sell it for kindling to people in town. The trouble was that people did not

care to pay more than a penny a bundle for the fat pine kindling; and, also, that the landlord caught up with him on the road one day and told Dan he was going to hound him for the rest of his natural and supernatural life.

Dan was full of protest, but nevertheless the next day he found himself buried half a mile deep in the mountain. It was then that he understood for the first time what the landlord had meant by his supernatural life.

Each way he dug he found impenetrable stones that lacerated his fingers until he had to give up. He kicked his feet, only to feel the dull impregnable force of stone that entombed him. After that he shouted, he yelled, he cried out with all the strength of his lungs; all the good it did for him was to make him realize that nobody could hear him. That was when he realized he had been buried alive under the Alabama mountain.

At first I tried to help Dan get out. I tried alone, and when I found out that I could not accomplish much alone, I attempted to get others to help me. Every one I talked to had a lot to say on the subject, but a half-mile high mountain cannot be moved in a manner such as that. When I heard about the raising of the Alabama Vulcan to the heights above Birmingham, I thought it would be the right time to talk about digging out the man under the mountain. But I soon discovered there existed a difference of opinion. Some said it would prove to be an impossible task; some said it was not worth the trouble; others said it was somebody else's job, not theirs. During all that time men were hoisting the sixty ton Vulcan, but the raising of a man of a mere hundred and twenty pounds was too great a task to be undertaken.

After that I went to the landlord and asked him once more to help get Dan out. But the landlord said he had Dan Caster where he wanted him; and, if anything, he would do his utmost to keep him there.

Finally I went to Dan's friends

and neighbors and asked their help. They were all sympathetic, and they all felt sorry for Dan's wife and children, as well as for Dan himself; but things being as they were, it was hardly a wise move for them to take. They said they were afraid they might find themselves under the mountain, too.

Dan is still under the mountain, deep under the mountain. Unless you go there and place your ear on the ground you cannot hear him shouting down under all that earth and



rock. For a man buried so deeply, he makes an awful lot of noise, though. With your ear pressed tight to the side of the mountain you sometimes hear him so plainly you think the rumbling vibrations might be an earthquake.

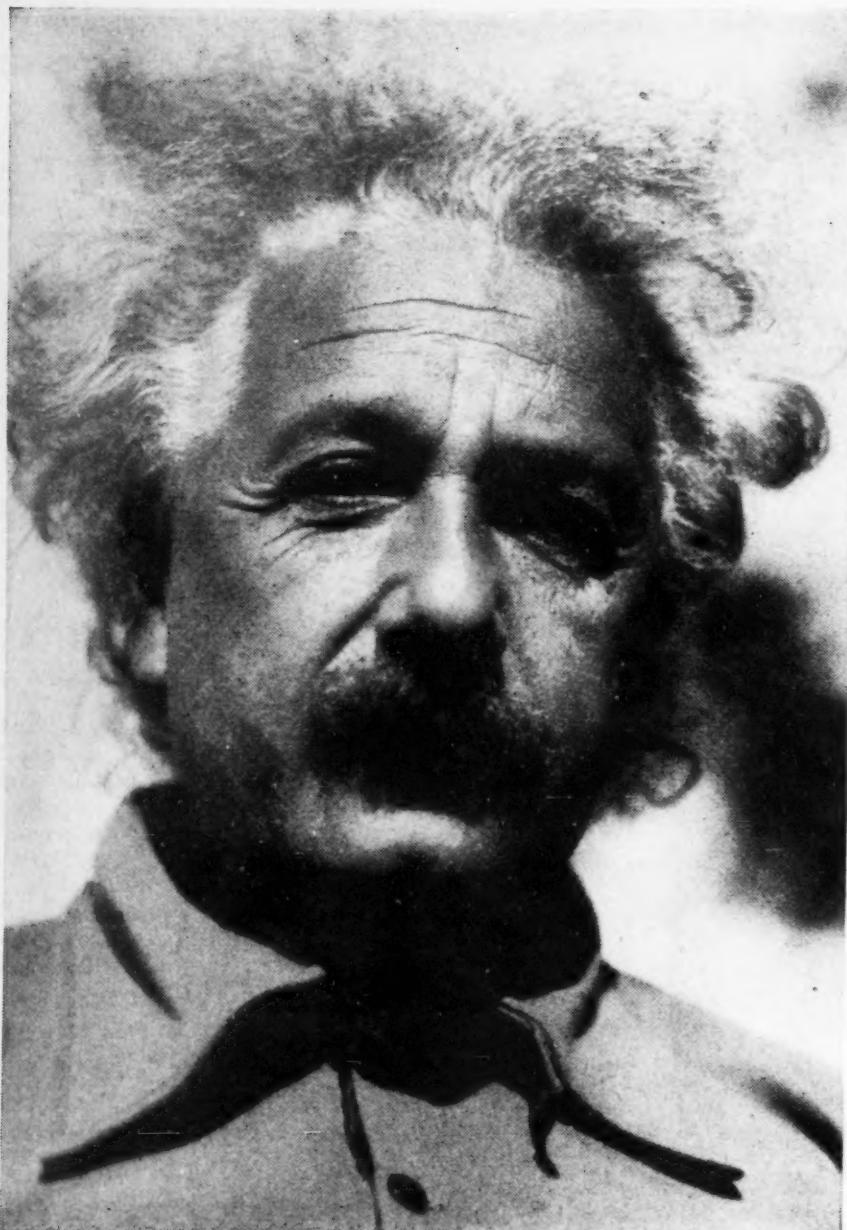
But don't let that disturb you; what you hear is only Dan Caster, the man under the mountain, clamoring to get out.



International

"But This Is My Home . . ."

Mrs. Alice Kennedy stayed on in the ruins after her house tumbled down. She loved her cat, her three dogs and her old Chicago home at 820 Sedgwick Street. It looked like rubbish to the WPA, who wanted to tear the whole thing down as dangerous, but it was home to Mrs. Kennedy who sat through it all and refused to be "evicted."



Photos by Jacobi

Albert Einstein, shaggy-haired German genius, originator of the theory of relativity, a leader of his race and a sometime sailor of a sloop

UP ON smart Saranac Lake this Summer a mild little man with tangled hair sailed a sloop, alone at the tiller. He was a putterer. He would go out into the water for a little trip, then tack back to port. Often he would lie at anchor, riding the waves, and play his fiddle. But the little man had the stature of legend in the community. Children peered at him, and grown-ups whispered when he passed. He was Albert Einstein, the man from space.

Einstein is not less a legend to America. Somehow he represents the subtle mysticism of science, the genius which can fashion a new world or destroy an old by the simple power of thought. He is feared and he is worshipped. At a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Pittsburgh the professor unwittingly brought a championship-bout touch to the deliberations of the scientists when he announced the reading of a new paper on mathematics. Outside people fought to get in his audience, limited by lot to certain of the mathematicians. Prices of the bootlegged tickets soared to \$50 apiece. Nothing like that had ever happened in Pittsburgh.

Despite legend, there are no trappings of occult science about Albert Einstein. There is no laboratory and no test-tubes, retorts or crucibles for

the mystery man of science to manipulate with methodical, unseen purpose. He is not an experimental scientist at all. His only tools are his precious books, and his lucid mind. Einstein is the follower of the experimenters, the coordinator. He held a little job as examiner of patents in Switzerland when he published his Special Theory of Relativity, in 1905. It was based not on his own experiments but on the famous experiments of Michelson and Morley in 1888, when these scientists, to their own amazement, proved that the Newtonian physics do not apply in the case of light. Einstein, in a simple text written for high-school students told why, mathematically. From the publication of that little volume, the cult of Einstein began to grow.

Now, most absent-minded of professors, he has become an international figure. His movements, his thoughts, even his opinions on non-mathematical subjects are attended by the world. His sincere pacifism, plus his Judaism, brought about his expulsion from Germany, the confiscation of his goods and his present official listing in the land of his birth as *mensch ohne heimat No. 14*, countryless man number fourteen. Nazis consider him a traitor.

Einstein hides from the adulation, as well as the indignation which fol-

Einstein

Afloat, the great little man wide open space of Saranac Einstein the sailorman is

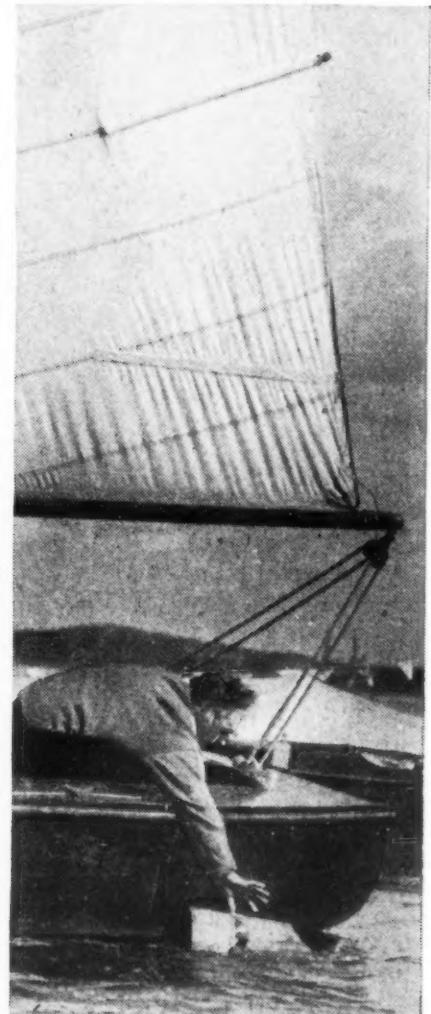
lows him. He will not again risk turning a scientific meeting into a carnival by a publicized appearance. He prefers the seclusion of his Institute for Advanced Study, the separate little academy maintained for him on the Princeton campus by the university. He loves his violin and his sailboat, and at home he plays the piano. He is cared for by his wife, who is also his cousin, because he is childishly inexact and inefficient in the ordinary concerns of life. He must be watched or he will forget his appointments, he will let people wait or he will himself be late at the classroom. He has no conception of time, Mrs. Einstein explains.

In Princeton where the professor

has every reason to hope for a little peace and quiet from prying people, Einstein is bothered by the curious from the village peeking through the slits of his windows. He does not profess to know what people expect to see him doing, different from other men in their homes. It makes him uncomfortable, but he is not temperamental enough to fly into rages. He stands it and makes the best of it.



Einstein, looking his most befuddled, stares into that dangerous space, the eye of a camera



Off to sail the chartered spaces of Saranac Lake, where the professor studies the mysteries

Curious though it may seem, vaudeville impresarios have listed Albert Einstein high among the attractions which would draw the biggest gate for a one-time shot before the American public. Still, they admit Einstein is personally one of the least prepossessing of men.

People privileged to know Einstein,

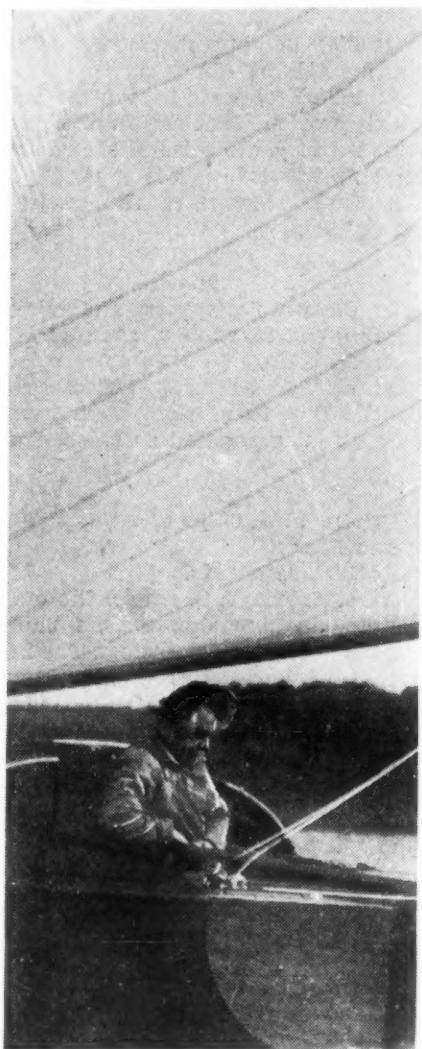
the Sailor

**fares forth to conquer the
Lake, but by land and sea
also Einstein the legend**

like him. He is a quite ordinary, friendly human being, given to wearing old clothes around the house and to spilling ashes on the floor. He loves to dream about such abstrusities as the reconciliation of quantum mechanics and the theory

neither thrills nor worries him. He is deeply interested in Zionism, in pacifism and in seeing his students get happiness out of their careers in science.

It does not bother the professor that, as his wife will tell you, he is notoriously uncertain as a sailor. When he turns the prow of his little boat toward the ocean no one is quite sure when he will come back. He sails and smokes his pipe. Sitting comfortably in the sternsheets he does his thinking and his planning. And he performs his only practical experiments—in the movements of sailing vessels. But, as a practical sailor he is undistinguished. Other yachtsmen with their fancy craft can pity the old man with his poky little boat. Einstein sails it automatically, oblivious to comment, while his mind unravels the mysteries of this physical universe.



Genius at the helm. But not a sailing genius. Like F. D. R., the first man of science loves the sport

of relativity, but he thinks people should do things of definite, finite value for society, to feel they are a part of it. He is proud of having executed his clerk's job effectively in Switzerland and of being a successful teacher of ordinary mathematics. In these things he feels he is getting somewhere, while in pure science he thinks he might be just dreaming. He has been called one of the eight immortals of all time, but this



To a professional sailor, the little professor looks singularly ineffectual handling the rigging



Einstein ups the mainsail into the breezes of Saranac. The No. 1 man of science sails alone, even lies at anchor alone and quietly plays his violin by himself on shipboard

Photos by Jacob



Miss Springer, admiralty lawyer in public

1
Q: Are ship owners liable for the acts of their Captain and crew?

A: 1934. Even though a sea captain is vested with greater authority than any representative on land, where as a general rule of law employers are liable for the acts of their agents, employers are in no sense responsible for their Captain's acts or the acts of his crew.

1936. If it is proved that the captain knew before sailing of conditions which caused or contributed to the disaster, the ship owners are fully liable. Otherwise, they are liable to a limited extent.

2
Q: To what extent are ship owners liable for damages?

A: 1934. Under the limited liability law of 1851, modelled after British law dating to 1734, ship owners, after the disaster, petition the court to limit their liability for all loss of life, personal injuries, property damage, to the value of the remains of the vessel plus the freight and passage money earned on the fatal voyage. The claimant cannot share in the huge sum of insurance collected by the owners for the vessel. It is most profitable to the owners when the vessel is entirely destroyed; the greater the damage, the more insurance and the smaller the amount going to the victims. Only by proving the owners to have possessed knowledge of the unseaworthiness of the vessel or the inadequacy of the crew, before the fatal sailing, can such limitation of liability be defeated—which is a virtual impossibility as it behoves the owners to have as little to do with the vessel as they can, to remain as ignorant as can be concerning it, so that they may not be open to charges of the wrong kind of knowledge.

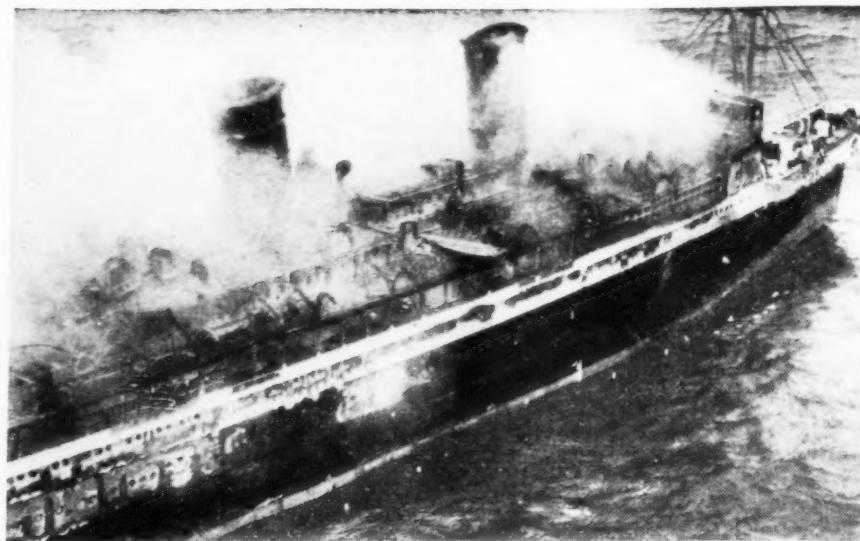
A: 1936. Claimants may recover up to the full amount of their damages if it is shown that the captain, superintendent, or the managing agent was aware before the sailing of the vessel's unseaworthiness or the crew's inadequacy. Regardless of such knowledge, however, a minimum liability prescribes for loss of life and personal injury, \$60 for each ton of the vessel's weight.

3
Q: What time limitations govern the filing of a notice of claim?
A: 1934. On the back of steamship

Just to Remind You:

2 Years after the Morro Castle

Horror stories fresh in the minds of Americans, indignation at the legal irresponsibility of shipping lines have produced more stringent laws for safety at sea. Adele I. Springer, who drafted the laws, answers ten questions to reveal the progress in a campaign still being waged:



Above is the inferno which was the Morro Castle on the fateful eighth of September 1934. Under these billowing clouds state rooms, stanchions and lifeboats—the bodies of 136 victims—are burning. Below is the grisly product of this crucible. Many were identified only by the fillings in their teeth. Of seven no trace was ever found except anonymous human ashes in the charred hulk



tickets, in small print, is a clause requiring written notice of claim within fifteen or thirty days after the damage. Passengers unaware of this provision invariably fail to give notice in time and are unable to make any recovery whatever—even though the ship owners possess actual knowledge of the accident.

A: 1936. Notice must be filed within a minimum period of six months after the accident.

4
Q: Who investigates disasters?
A: 1934. Local steamboat inspectors who, in the course of fixing responsibility, often investigate themselves.

A: 1936. A Marine Casualty Investigation Board composed of an admiralty lawyer from the Department of Justice, an officer of the U. S. Coast Guard and the Supervising Steamboat Inspector.

7
Q: Are there any laws regarding the fireproofing of ships?

A: 1934. No.

A: 1936. No. There are new fire equipment regulations, however, which provide for the installation of alarms, for smoke detectors, oxygen breathing apparatus or gas masks, greater availability of fire equipment, and for sprinkler systems, on all vessels having accommodations for fifty or more passengers.

8
Q: Why do ships in distress delay sending the S-O-S?

A: 1934. Because of the salvage law which provides that the ship in distress becomes the prize of the rescuing ship which brings it to port.

A: 1936. Because of the ancient salvage law.

9
Q: Do any requirements exist regarding construction of vessels?

A: 1934. No.

A: 1936. A technical staff created by the Bureau of Navigation must pass on all plans and specifications.

10
Q: Are U. S. ships as safe as foreign ships?

A: 1934. Less safe.

A: 1936. The U. S. is now the only country making ship owners liable for the acts of their masters. The increase of liability is greater than that in any other country. America now leads the world in progressive marine legislation. American ships are generally safer than foreign vessels.



Representative William I. Sirovich successfully carried the fight for safety at sea onto the floor of Congress

AMERICA: Gas Masks For Peace

ACH DAY around one million workers in America face the perils of poison gas. These industrial workers, coal miners, fire-fighters and emergency police know the feel of the elephant-like hose that prolongs men's lives and lungs.

Long ago workers knew to protect sensitive membranes from the destruction of dust. The enlightened Cneius Julius Agricola, Roman administrator and general, born 37 A.D., remarked how the Carpathian miners fought silicosis with improvised masks of cloth.

In 1919, industry in America at the instigation of the Bureau of Mines borrowed from war-technique and took over the gas mask for peaceful purposes.

Today oil companies are the most gas mask conscious of all industries. Every gasoline tank on land, on rails and at sea must be drained and cleaned at regular intervals. Gasoline is no harmless thing. Witness the hundreds of deaths by carbon - monoxide. Just as deadly a producer of asphyxia is the poison vapor left be-

hind in the huge storage vats after gasoline has been pumped out. Men who clean these caverns of metal are no ordinary janitors, but skilled technicians.

Artificial ice plants must contend with ammonia fumes. Fur storage plants are unsafe for the unprotected nose. Dyeing and cleaning establishments use chemicals which create dangerous fumes. Mines meet with underground gas pockets. Fire-fighters don the elongated nose when they combat flames caused by chemicals. Sewage disposal plants, aluminum, coal, cosmetic, gas companies, steel blast furnaces and fabricating plants, lead products, paint, paper, leather manufacturing, electric light and power organizations, ice cream and ice plants, varnish and paint spraying, even farmers in the dust storm areas, utilize the gas mask.

In the United States there are around a dozen gas mask manufacturers, but their business is relatively small. So small, in fact, that, because of the limited market, a single head mask including filtering canister and chemical content costs \$20. Not too high a price to pay, however, when high prices mean protection.



For more dangerous work. An airline mask, one through which air is pumped to the worker from a distance, must be used when cleaning railroad tank cars



Workers crawling out into the air after cleaning the death chamber of a huge gasoline storage tank



For less dangerous work. A canister-type half-mask, to be used with or without goggles, worn when enough oxygen is in the surrounding air to be purified through a chemical filter carried by the wearer



Photos Courtesy Davis Emergency Equipment Co., Inc.

Removing the masks

EUROPE: Gas Masks For War

THE WORST phobia of nerve-shattered Europe is the fear of poison gas. Little children learn how phosgene floods the lungs with blood, how blinding tear gas and arsenic force the sneezing sufferer to tear off his respirator, how the greenish-yellow clouds of chlorin choke victims in slow suffocation, how mustard gas, that "golden rain," burns deep wounds that linger long after the war that made them.

European babies are conditioned to gas bags along with the baby-carriage. School children must run, jump and carry loads and breathe hard with masks on. Red-Cross dogs are as accustomed to the gas masks as to the leash.

Horrible to the sentimental, the gas-mask spells writhing in agony, impersonal bombers, hours in an underground hovel, no chance for food or drink, the feeling of looking inhuman, being almost mechanical. But to the average European, the gas mask is but a casual part of his life. The gas mask drill, like the fire drill in American schools and factories, is merely an amusing, exciting interval in the day's routine.

But the probabilities are remote for a poison gas which would destroy a whole city, so remote as to be fantastic. Against unprotected, unclothed Ethiopians it is ruthlessly effective. Against well equipped cities and armies it may prove nearly useless.

During the World War, 350,000 mustard gas casualties were chalked up, yet only 2.5% died. Cost per dead man was around 1½ tons of gas each. At that rate London's 8,203,942 population could be wiped out only if 12,305,913 tons of gas were sprayed from 8,000,000 planes . . . and if London were without protection.

Gas masks for a whole population cost \$5.00 each. But not all masks stop all gases. A respirator, however, has been put out in Britain weighing only 1½ pounds. Small enough to fit in a coat pocket, costing around fifty cents, it consists of charcoal and unrevealed chemicals that can protect life for six hours. The painful nose clip which plagued Tommies during the war is eliminated by new design. But complete equipment against mustard gas runs around \$100. Researchers are working on an infant's mask with a nipple respirator.

Soldiers on the field, however, will not only wear masks in the next war, but will seek protection in rubber-



Wide World

POISON GAS HAS NO PREJUDICES

It matters little whether you're in the English marines (above), in the civilian defense corps or a Russian city (center), or just the plain man on the street (below), poison gas knows no distinctions

ized, air-tight gas-suits that will cover them from head to foot. Gas today can penetrate ordinary clothing, can cause death by gaining entrance through pores if any part of the body is exposed.

No country can completely outfit its entire population in poison gas proof clothes and masks and assure each person a safe place of retreat. Neither can any nation afford the enormous expense of wiping out an entire civil and military enemy by gas.

Poison gas descends, hugs the ground. That is one reason why it is more harmful to the soil and the things that grow out of it than to men. In cities, people would need only to ascend to the upper floors of tall buildings or scurry into the underground tombs and subways. So well have the French perfected their underground retreats that Parisians refuse to purchase the cheap gas-masks sold on the counters of department stores. They have more faith in the undergrounds.

There are insects who spew poisons on their enemies. Snakes, spiders, skunks are deft at it. Only they have more intelligence than man. They prefer to poison other creatures, not their own species.

Man has just discovered the use of poisons on a large scale. Poison gas is a chemical achievement, a manifestation of the skill, the economy, the preciseness of a scientific age. It would seem that mass destruction is merely an inversion of mass production.



Wide World

But why experiment on himself with the available armies of grasshoppers that scourge the middle-west and the blights that eat away orchards? Poison gas may prove to be a useful thing, once we are capable of discerning just who are our enemies.

Peace-loving people are transformed into unhuman automatons who frighten their best friends. At the command of their dictators they run, jump through hoops to see if they can breath with a mask on, rehearse for a rendezvous with death.

They are told they must defend themselves against a foreign leader who will not hesitate to loosen the horrors of poison gas upon a civilian population. The nearest approximate to that enemy, however, is their own dictator.

In 1925 representatives of most nations in the world sat around a table and naively agreed that no country would use poison gas in future wars. Ten years later Mussolini sent "golden rain" on unprotected Ethiopian skin. Today, if it were less costly and more practical, more poison gas would be used in Spain. Poison gas may not prove the decisive element in the next war, but no one doubts that it will be used. The only way to combat poison gas is to combat war itself by combating the things that make for war.



Germany



Italy



France



Austria



Russia



England

LAST YEAR 38,513 MINORS WERE ARRESTED

for...

minor crimes

17,696

larceny

7,286

burglary

5,969

stealing cars

2,545

robbery

1,788

assault

1,472

rape

575

carrying weapons

478

forgery

472

murder

302



... but People are Good!

By LOUIS ADAMIC

I AM one of those people who, although fairly happy in a purely personal way and lacking little in point of material comfort, don't think much of the world as it is. I think the world is a god-awful mess, and by this I mean the human world apart from the lovely, natural scenery, though much of the scenery is being ruined, too.

But this is a big subject. Here, I am restricting myself to youth and crime. And I shall write of that largely indirectly, in a very general, round-about way. You know the particulars from the daily press, from the occurrence in your block last week, and from the pictures on these two pages which you saw before you started reading my words. This little

article is an invitation to think about crime not in terms of momentary headlines or "cases," but as a general human problem.

Several years ago I wrote a fiction story in which I made a character say: "People are good, but life is bad." I put that into the mouth of another person because I wasn't sure I was right. Now I know I am. By and large, people are good, but life—our civilization, our social-economic "order," our whole set-up: call it what you like—is bad.

I travel much in this country and abroad, and I meet all sorts of people, young and old, rich and poor and fairly well-off, who, in their hearts of hearts, in the essence of their beings are simply grand. I

think that the human race, way deep in the center of its life, individually and collectively, is a rather decent breed. Children are marvelous everywhere. When not influenced by the existing civilization of the adult world, most of them are good to themselves, to one another. They are far more civilized and far happier than their parents who may be bankers, college presidents, labor foremen, great ladies, or just plain farmers and workers.

Most people nearly everywhere in this day and age, old and young, are miserable. If they are poor, they often are envious—in this country, they often are ashamed of themselves. Poverty here is a mark of inferiority; it causes acute misery.

Those in jobs fear they will lose them, and they despise themselves for their fears. They have little or no self-respect. A great many workers in America, especially when they are young, suffer agonies because they are mere workers. All too many feel that to really be something one should be at least an insurance agent. And in that state, their superficial, day-to-day, outwardly functioning selves are capable of impulses and acts which violate their essential selves and create an acute crisis between them and the superficial "order" of the society.

The rich, especially if they are very rich, are often bothered by a sense of guilt. Way down in them, their conscience squirms and twitches; a

small voice constantly reminds them that they are not entitled to so much while so many others have nothing, and to still that voice these poor creatures living in big, solid houses, give to charity or engage in furious, hysterical doings, in whoopee, in "good times," in what Veblen called "conspicuous consumption"—or, full of jitters and hysteria, they get themselves a new wife or a new husband, a new mistress or gigolo, or go to Florida or the Bahamas, then dash to Europe, chasing thrills; then around the world, then God knows where, they don't know—just to be going, just to escape, and they hardly know what they are trying to escape. And every once in a while one of them shoots some one, or tries to perpetrate a "perfect crime" for the thrill of the thing, or gets in a mess with some girl and poisons her, or becomes a homosexual and one day the butler finds him dead in the bathroom.

Of course, there is such a thing as one being criminally inclined, but that is a superficial factor. Basically, people are good, and they are miserable because they are good and because they are not functioning properly as human beings, and some of them commit crimes because they are miserable for the reasons given. Basically, they are good, but caught in endless circles of evil.

Let us take a few close squints at human life as we now have it on this earth. For every person who functions well there are scores, hundreds, perhaps thousands, who do not function as they should according to the requirements of their basic natures, who do not fit where they are, who do not belong, who are lonely and lost in the world, who are frustrated, neurotic, twisted, neither here nor there, mere shadows of what they could be according to the promise they carry within them—or, at least, carried in them as children.

People are good, but the best in them is not used, is wasted, is poured into the sewers of life. Their lives are messed up, splattered with superficial evils; the *élan* of their beings are chopped up into artificially stimulated impulses and desires, the fulfilment of which never really satisfies.

Let us look into the houses up and down our Park Avenues, Main Streets, and Tobacco Roads. How many divorces and separations are there yearly? I do not need to give the statistics. What happens to the divorced people's children? I need not tell you. How many people never marry, and what does that mean to them and others? How many people do you know who are really calm within themselves, intelligent, effective free of fear or the sense of guilt; who feel secure where they are and at home in the world as a whole? I know very few.

Psychologists maintain that of the 35,000,000 persons working in our factories and offices, from executives down to janitors and laborers, about 10,000,000 are "daffy," queer, disbalanced, afflicted with various mental aberrations. Some psychologists insist this number is greater than fifteen million. No one has yet ventured a guess how many "daffy" people

live on farms or in high-toned idleness and luxury, or how many are teachers in our schools and colleges.

Of the 700,000 hospital beds in this country, nearly one-third are constantly occupied by dementia praecox cases, which are symptomatic of incomplete, improper, miserable human living as we have it today, and as we have had for some time. I think it is fair to say that for every straight, clear, spontaneous, strong, healthy person, most of us know several who are twisted, murky, frustrated.

For every man or woman who has

the job he or she should have, there are dozens, scores, who are in wrong jobs. I know a physician who should be a barber, a grocery clerk who should be a teacher of philosophy, teachers who should be carpenters, a cabinet-maker who should be in the United States Senate, a senator who—

And therein lies a key to the explanation of much of human chaos and misery. Therein are the, at least some of the, roots of much of general human disorder and violence now rampant in the world. People are not in their proper jobs. And

about ten million of them, in this country alone, including hundreds of thousands of youngsters, have no jobs at all. Millions of them seem to be doomed to inaction, to unfunction.

If I did not believe that people are essentially good, I would marvel that there is not more crime.

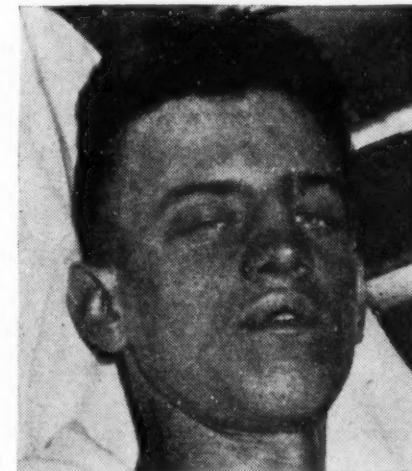
What is the answer? Education? Revolution? Prosperity? The election of this or that candidate? Please do not ask me just now. I said at the beginning that this was only an invitation to think about a great problem, which I think is but a part of the big, general Human Problem.



Ethel Gaylord is a sixteen-year-old Camden girl who told police how she helped Harvey Arnold commit a robbery just to show a former boy friend she "could get a thrill without him"



Man and boy they ride to the death house. These murderers are George Hildebrand, twenty-six, and Jacob Ciemiengo, at sixteen the youngest ever convicted in New Jersey



Typical youthful criminal in the metropolitan police courts looks with bewilderment as he is brought before the camera



At seventeen Gladys MacKnight was a determined and self-willed girl. She didn't like her mother, Mrs. Helen MacKnight, so, she and her fiancé killed her



In Chicago, Donald Nash sleeps with a troubled conscience after confessing the killing of a physician. He was the first lieutenant of the gang, he said



James Sullivan at sixteen is a capable young murderer. He has just told the police how he killed the forty-eight-year-old owner of a dry-goods store in Brooklyn, hitting him over the head three vicious blows with a duckpin



Seventeen-year-old Vincent Comerford is touchy about his looks and his job—he works for the WPA. When his little cousin Charles Rotante called him "skinny" he killed the boy, he explained to police

I Am 200 Years too Late Off to New Adventures to the Isles of the Southern Sea



Photo Copland
Mr. and Mrs. William Albert Robinson

By William Albert Robinson

William and Florence Robinson are about to start on their first long cruise since the voyage to Galapagos, the second since his sail around the world on *Svaap*, the smallest ship ever to circumnavigate the globe. The log of the present voyage will appear first in these pages.

and formidable at the start. I have glibly assured the editors that I can provide them with a weekly account of our adventures, complete with pictures. The instalments are to be sent back from the coral archipelagos of the South Seas where the thundering surf breaks in rushing white topped sapphire mountains on the reef; they may be mailed on the teeming jungle coasts of India or from the islands of the monsoons.

It will be a problem to have enough chapters ahead to carry us through the longer voyages when we will be out of touch with the world for weeks, a little floating world of our own on a vast expanse of sea . . . And the photography too is a great problem, the immediate developing which I must



Chart of *Svaap*'s voyage. Length: 32,000 sea miles. Time: three and a half years

THIS time we are going without any plan at all—except for the general conception and even that is subject to change without notice. The whole thing goes back nearly six years. I spent Xmas of 1930 in Singapore waiting for the monsoon, and the following months in Malaya and the Indian Ocean. At the time I found a beautiful little trading schooner, all of teakwood from the forests to take north. And I found so much of interest in those tropical waters that I resolved to return surely some day. I would buy the little schooner and fit her out as the ideal floating home. She would carry me safely wherever I cared to go, and by buying her there I would be just where I wanted to be to begin a marvelous new voyage. There would be months of exploring in Indian Ocean waters and then the magnificent experience of following the old trade route of the square

ships of old. We would swing down south with the monsoon, pick up the Southeast Trades and sight the southern tip of Africa. Once around the Cape of Good Hope the fine South Atlantic trades would be waiting . . . thousands of miles of glorious sailing . . . finally reaching New York with an experience behind us that we would never forget.

I am a little weak in the knees when I realize that I have undertaken to take along with me on my new voyage many many thousands of MID-WEEK PICTORIAL readers. It is somewhat like the sensation of starting to circumnavigate the world in a small boat. Everything lies ahead: uncertainty, great adventure, unknown problems and difficulties that seem so imposing



Svaap, and the smallest boat ever to sail around the world. Now she floats in Targus Cove, Galapagos, black of hull, broken masted, but still the smallest boat ever to have sailed around the world

do myself because of the destructive tropical conditions, the packing and shipping . . .

To bolster up my confidence I think of another beginning, the start of my first voyage, the world circling 32,000 mile jaunt of the 32 foot Svaap. I remember heading out into the Atlantic with sails taut before a strong west wind. Montauk Point faded astern into the black of night and we were alone. I was filled with the enormity of what lay ahead—appalled at my temerity. But three and a half years later, sailing up New York Bay with the whole world behind me, I tried to think back and realized that obstacles did not pile up like figures in a mathematical table. And so I gather strength and feel that somehow, somewhere, I shall be able to send off the succeeding chapters with perhaps not too great regularity, but at least with variety in method.

I remember on another voyage tossing a small bag of mail aboard the deck of a passing steamer from the plunging Svaap in mid-ocean. And in the South Pacific, sending my hard-drinking, hard-loving Tahitian sailor off with the mail by canoe to a nearby island where the trading schooner called. The Tahitian got off the mail all right—but was gone two weeks, until the lady's husband returned and made his departure most urgent. Recently in the Galapagos we had our own mail station: a box in lonely Tagus Cove where sometimes fishing vessels stopped, and if we were lucky, collected the mail that we had sailed thirty miles to leave there. So somehow we will manage, of that I am sure, and perhaps the manner in which the instalments reach the *Mid-WEEK PICTORIAL* will be a story in itself.

It is hard to explain why I do these things. Some indefinable urge drives me on. It can be stilled for a year, perhaps longer, but sooner or later I must start again. It is not a desire for an easy life, for my life is far from that. This sort of thing means hard work and a great deal of it, poor sleep, sometimes poor food, eternal vigilance and care. Even in the languorous islands of the tropics there is work. I have my racial studies, a certain modest amount of scientific work, my photography and my writing, and the responsibility for the ship. There is really very little leisure, far too little . . . But there is also the trade wind in the sails, and the fiery phosphorescent wake behind us beneath the Southern Cross. And the palms by moonlight with the music of the surf on the coral reef. And there is the satisfaction of putting the elements to work for me, carrying me wherever I care to go. In the book of our recent voyage to Galapagos ("Voyage to Galapagos," W. A. Robinson, Harcourt, Brace & Co.) I tried to explain the urge that directs my life. Perhaps it tells the story as well as it can be told:

It is a complex blend of urges: a love of the sea for one, that takes the curious form of wanting to meet it face to face on the most equal of terms, instead of from the one-sided vantage of a liner's deck. But fundamentally, I think, my life is an



Robinson brought Sookey, far-faring honey bear, up from Panama after the Galapagos trip, wintered in Massachusetts, was carried from New York to San Francisco by plane. Up with Sookey, into the high altitudes, went one bale of hay and one hot water bottle, to make Sookey's bed, and to keep him warm. Now Sookey resides at Robinson's home place in Tahiti



Milady's toilet in southern waters. Cosmetics, coiffures, only natives go in for, south of the Line

effort to live down as best I can the knowledge that I am two hundred years too late. Could I have chosen the time when I was to live, I would without a moment's hesitation have asked for the time when the great era of discovery by sea was just beginning; when men were starting to push back their walls of geographical ignorance. . . . To have been the first, for instance, to sail around the tip of South America into the vast unknown Pacific, and look for the first time upon those lovely coral

archipelagos and fantastic towering peaks. The nearest one can come to all this is to sail in small ships with as few as possible, navigating yourself, becoming a little world of your own from which you can practically exclude the knowledge that great steamers and motor vessels have, as like as not, been over the very same course before you. And of course, with the very small ship like ours, we can actually go to a thousand places larger ships can never go, and here actually sail almost, if not

quiet, virgin seas. With so little to destroy the illusion you can come nearest to achieving the 17th- or 18th-century feel—the exquisite adventure of seas that are still vast and limitless, a horizon beyond which might lie anything, or nothing . . .

And so this is my life—a life I would not trade for any other in the world. The preparations are almost complete and in a week or two we sail. And you too may go along, for this story will take you wherever we go, in good weather and bad, to the isles of the Southern Sea.

KISS in

kisst, 1 kis; v. I. t. l. to touch with the lips in salutation.
2. to touch slightly, as in billiards. 11. i. to salute mutually with the lips. (AS. cyssan, KISS.) Syn: see caress.

Dictionary definition



At the World's Championship Kissing Contest, with no holds barred, three hours out from the start



Andrea Leeds became the kiss-girl of Hollywood when she was kissed 467 times in a single day

Radio never was dizzier than when it attempted to put kisses on the air, by broadcasting electrical currents generated by increased heart action



Humid seal of soft affections
Tenderest pledge of future bliss
Dearest tie of soft affections
Loves first snowdrop, virgin kiss.
—Robert Burns

REMEMBER the sweet simplicity of your first kiss—in earnest, and compare it with your last—try and remember, and then ask yourself if the last fulfills the promise of the first, and if it does, you're the only one. In the name of Bobby Burns, of Avon's Bard there ought to be a law against the profanation of the kiss, collectively or individually. "Individually"—we employ the word advisedly, for although it takes two to make a kiss it takes only one to spoil it.



TIME



Lord, I wonder what fool it was
that first invented the kiss.

—Jonathan Swift

Eyes look your last,
Arms take your last embrace! And
lips Oh you
The doors of breath, seal with a
righteous kiss
A dateless bargain with engrossing
death.

—William Shakespeare

If I ask you to kiss me you must
be angry, but you must not refuse
me. If I ask you for more you must
be more angry but more complying.

—William Congreve

Oh! My dear Lucy, never allow
yourself to be embraced by a man
without moustaches; his lips have
no taste, none whatever. There is
no longer that charm, that soft-
ness, yes, and that—pepper, yes, that
pepper of the true kiss. The mous-
tache is the spice of it.

—Guy de Maupassant

There was a curious low roaring
sound in her ears as of sea shells
held against them and through the
sound she dimly heard the swift
thudding of her heart. Her body
seemed to melt into his, and for a
timeless time, they stood fused to-
gether as his lips took hers hungrily
as if he could never have enough.
When he suddenly released her she
felt as if she could not stand alone
and gripped the fence for support.

—Margaret Mitchell

. . . The squeeze, the hug, the leer,
the smack.

—Francois Rabelais

I love the sex, and sometimes would
reverse
The tyrant's wish, "That mankind
only had
One neck, which he with one fell
stroke might pierce"
My wish is quite as wide, but not
so bad,
And much more tender on the whole
than fierce;
It being (not now, but only while



A honeymoon ended this way in a Chicago court. The bride went home and the husband, who drove his car too fast, went to jail for sixty long days.

a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy
mouth,
To kiss them all at once from north
to south.

—Byron

Oh delicious kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won?

—Peter Pindar

Leave but a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.

—Ben Johnson

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a
score;
Then to that twenty, add a hundred
more;
A thousand to that hundred; so
kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that
is done.
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first
begun.

—Robert Herrick

I felt the while a pleasing kind of
smart.

The kiss went tingling to my very
heart;
When it was gone the sense of it did
stay,

The sweetness cling'd upon my lips
all day,

Like drops of honey loth to fall away.

—John Dryden.

Love lies dead,
And you cannot kiss it living . . .

—Rudyard Kipling.

Her mouth's culled sweetness by thy
kisses shed

On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and
so led

Back to her mouth which answers
there for all.

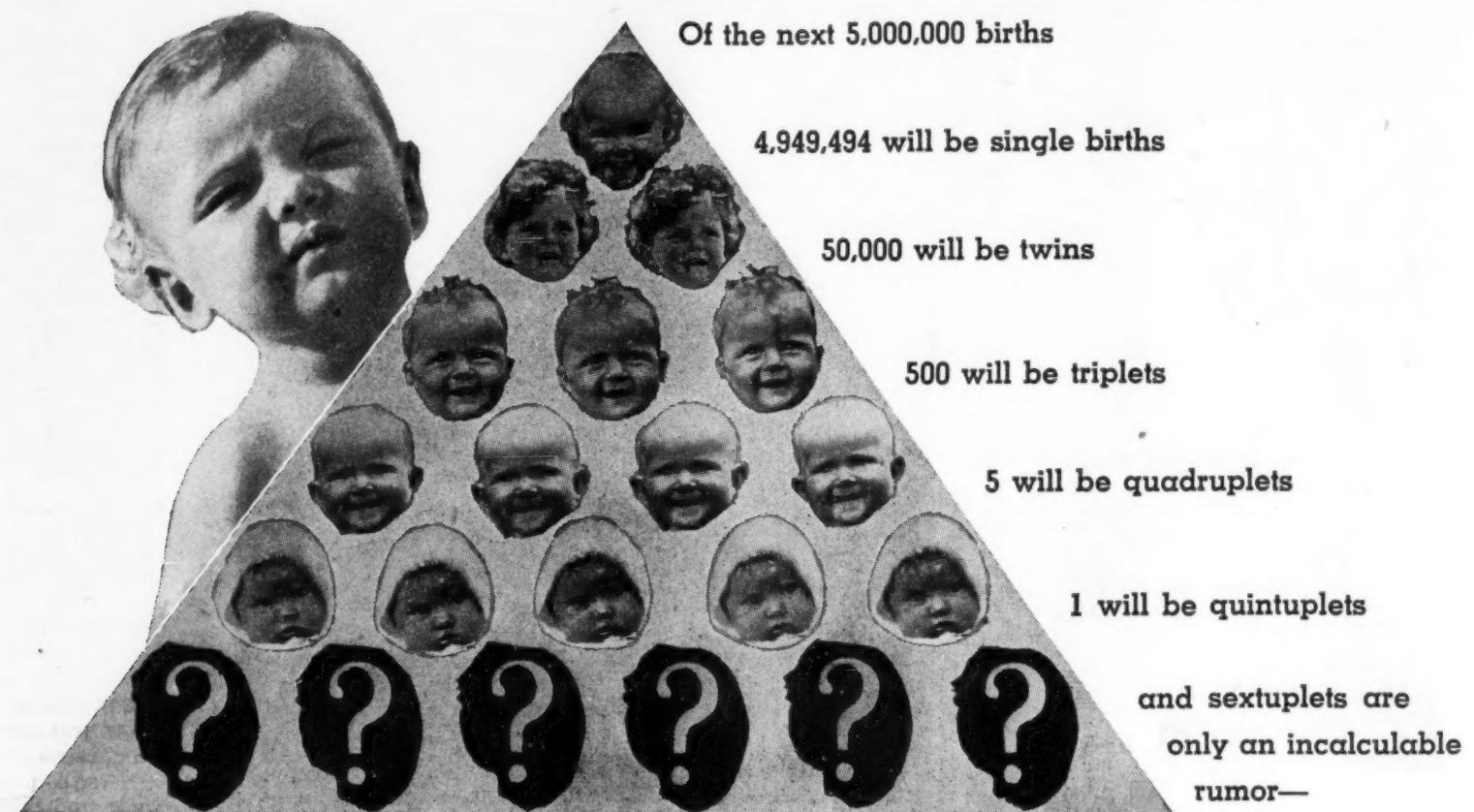
—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.



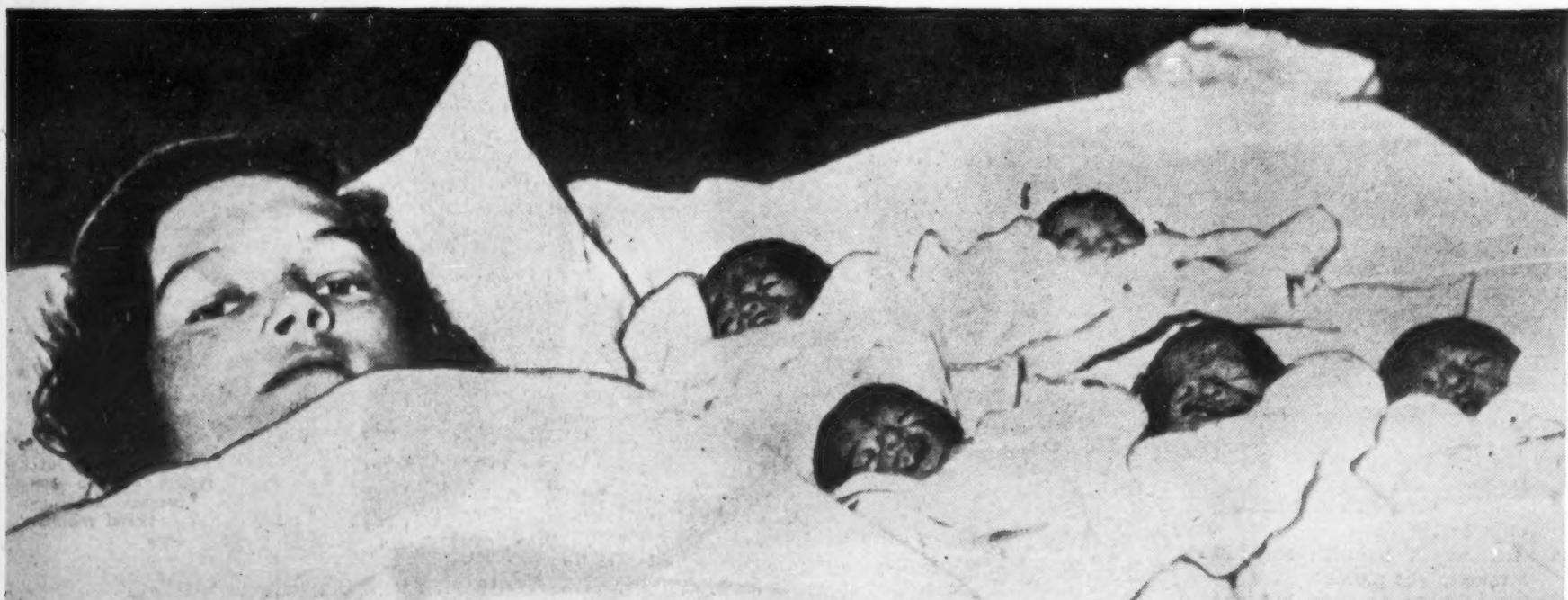
British troops
say goodbye to
their British sweet-
hearts in the ap-
proved interna-
tional manner

Once in a Lifetime

The laws of chance will number our children. We living Americans will likely see no rivals of Cécile, Emilie, Annette, Yvonne, Marie



Born to a jobless man in Passaic this summer were these children: Frances, Frank, Felix and Ferdinand Kasper, quickly judged to be worth their weight in gold



The quints of Callander. Here are the world's most famous babies, posing without show of embarrassment for their first picture. Not only world famous are the Dionnes, but they are a political issue above the Canadian line where French papers insist that the "Dionnelles" be reared French and Catholic

THREE IS NO STRONG evidence to indicate that multiple births are on the increase, in spite of the fact that the daily press is heralding the entrance into the world of twins, triplets, and quadruplets with a regularity that's making many an expectant father pause to take another look at his bank account. If you're reading more about multiple births today, it's because the phenomenal Dionnes and Dr. Allen Dafoe have made baby news big news by catching public fancy in unprecedented fashion.



Even the Navy has its triplets

The chances that Mr. Jones, dozing in the corridor after a night of feverish pacing, will be awakened by a nurse holding out an armful of surprised babies, are about the same as they've always been. Statistics at the New York Academy of Medicine show one out of a hundred will be twins, one out of 10,000 triplets, a chance in a million for quadruplets, and five million to one against quintuplets.

Sextuplets are so rare they can be safely eliminated as a possibility in layette calculations. That they have occurred is an accepted fact; but that they have lived past infancy is a fact for scholarly researchers to substantiate.

In December, 1935, Mr. Jones did read, however, that quintuplets had certainly been born in the little town of Matagalpa, on a high plateau in an agricultural region of Central Nicaragua. He learned further that the infants and the mother, stout-hearted Timolea Laine, had survived the experience. But Nicaragua is far from home. Mr. Jones wasn't nearly so impressed with the new, brown-skinned quintuplets as he was with the headlines last May announcing quadruplets in Passaic, New Jersey—practically next door to him. Mr. Jones read, moreover, that the father of the three boys and one girl, spanked into life from a single confinement, had been out of work for months and had only recently landed a \$20 a week job as a laborer. This turned the blessed event into a near calamity. Mr. Jones worried about the father—for almost two minutes—and then, if he was at all



Identical age is no cue to apparent age, as is revealed in this remarkable photograph from France of two elderly men known to be twins



Texas' famous Key quadruplets with President Pat M. Neff of Baylor University. Left to right the girls are: Mona, Mary, Roberta and Leota



Triplets separated for nineteen years in reunion. They are Mrs. Muriel Morrison of Altadena, California; Mrs. Margaret Karbon of Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Miss Mildred Harnett of San Diego, California



The Pipaff sisters of Cleveland, Minnesota, took part in a triplet wedding. They are Marie, Lucile and Alma, marrying Frederick McNamara, Nick Prom and Ernest Vogel—not triplets

expectant, began worrying about himself.

Lloyds, insurance brokers in England, made no change in their multiple birth rates, however. They still bet eighty-seven to one that Mrs. Jones would not have twins (giving themselves an approximate 13% margin of profit) and eighty-seven times eighty-seven to one that she would not have triplets. Mr. Jones probably didn't take out twin insurance. Instead, he threw out his chest and promised himself he'd be provider enough to take care of any contingency.

If his wife has had twins or triplets, though, she is very likely to have them again. Case histories show that women who have once given multiple birth have a marked tendency to repeat, and to pass the proclivity on to their daughters. Twins, which come either from a division of the female ovum or the insemination of two ova that have dropped at the same time, definitely run in the family.

Mr. Jones' age makes no difference in multiple birth possibilities; but Mrs. Jones' does. Her chances of giving multiple birth increase from 12 to 38 years of age, and then drop off to disappear at 50. She is most likely to present twins between the ages of 30 and 45 years, reaching a peak in twin fertility at 38. In fact she is twice as apt to have twins at 38 as she is at 20.

No figures are available which show just how much the length of the marriage has to do with multiple birth possibilities, because the factor of the mother's age can not easily be separated. But there are statistics that make some comment on the question. Sir George Knibbs of the Royal Society of New South Wales, after he had amassed a staggering store of figures from all over the world, reckoned that the chances



Famous twins are Auguste and Jean Picard. Auguste, a Swiss, rose into fame in a stratosphere balloon. Jean is a capable U. S. engineer

of having twins rose from 84 out of 10,000 confinements for the first year of married life to 125 out of 10,000 after eight years. The chances increased up to fifteen years of married life, when they reached a peak of 160 out of 10,000. After that the likelihood of multiple birth lessened, until after 26 years of continued marriage the chances were just 70 out of 10,000. These figures, as you see, take no consideration of certain other factors, age of mother being just one, and are not to be taken straight.



Not Too Narrow.

A Novel by RICHARD

NINE OUT OF TEN of those coast fishermen who put in at St. Pierre and offer escape are rascals. I remember the horror I felt when I first learned that they trafficked in other men's misery. They'd offer their boat for your escape. When you got on it and put out to sea they'd stab you in the back; and when you were dead they'd disembowel you, cut out the metal capsule with your precious money, and throw your body overboard where the sharks and the barracuda made short work of it. You have to hide your money in your body, you see, because that is the only safe place you have.

But Gruno was reliable. He didn't make a business of escape. He would only tie up at the dock when his catch had been meager and he needed money badly.

It was dangerous for him to do it. He worked it pretty safely though. He used himself only as agent. He had no part in the actual escape. This was the technique: Gruno would name a sum. For that sum he would promise to have a boat and supplies secreted at some given spot on the north coast. Then he was finished. It was up to you to reach the spot, find the boat, and embark.

It was Henry Moll who first contacted Gruno. Moll had been in the colony for five years, and had survived its rigors amazingly well. He

was a cold, self-sufficient man. The only time I ever heard him laugh was when he told me about the time he had tried to rob the Bank of England. I laughed too because it was a very funny story. Otherwise Moll had been a flawless machine. He didn't live. He operated. . . . He'd been a jewel thief on the continent. He'd flown in the war. Very well, too; his record was nine enemy planes. He never talked about that much. He'd been—he told us—a poor thief because they had caught him. At Marseilles.

I don't think Moll was afraid of anything. He towered over me, must have been inches over six feet tall. He had the chiseled nose of an aesthete, the thin mouth of a sadist, and the empty eyes of a corpse. You could never see the thought behind his eyes. When you looked at his face, you saw nothing but raw cynicism. He scoffed at religion, was an ardent atheist. Yet he was eccentric enough always to carry with him a battered Bible, for the sheer delight he derived in mocking it. He never showed emotion. When you addressed him his lips curled sneeringly and his whole manner became instinctively offensive.

Moll, on learning of Gruno's proposition, came to me and told me of it. He added: "I have five hundred francs to squander on an escape, and

I intend to take advantage of the offer. Since Gruno's price is five thousand francs it means that I will have to surround myself with nine other fools who possess five hundred francs each and are mad enough to spend it this way. I am asking you to join me because you are intelligent and a weakling. It will be understood from the start that I am to run the entire show. . . ." A curl of the lips then. "If you own five hundred francs and are interested, consider yourself a member of the party. Otherwise you can rot in hell with my best wishes."

I had the five hundred francs. I joined the party.

The next member was Jacques DuFond.

You cannot think of DuFond and Moll together. Moll was fierce, adamant, he seemed deathless. DuFond was young and immature; he cringed when you spoke to him. He regarded existence with furtive, frightened eyes. He always sought protection in a stronger champion. Petty larceny had brought him to the colony; the astonishing thing was that he'd had the nerve to commit the felony in the first place. He was slight, but well-proportioned; pink-skinned, light wavy hair, soft hands. A nice-looking boy, perhaps a trifle effeminate. His expression was that of a field mouse. . . . I had found a field

mouse once behind a barn door, sitting quietly on some planking. For a brief moment we had come face to face, that mouse and I. We were both curious, both a trifle startled. The mouse had large soft eyes, watery as though from exophthalmic goiter. I was a giant; the mouse a midget. Ergo, when reason had told him this, the mouse fled in terror. . . . That was like DuFond. You could see him think it all out, watch the thoughts that flitted by in his eyes, see the fear, suspicion, distrust, hate. He was too young for the colony. Had he not come out he would have passed his way quietly and never engaged in dangerous matters. Moll took the boy on because he was a weakling. Moll, of course, had definite plans for the escape, and he wanted no interference from somebody with a spine. . . . If I had one, it was long dormant. I was old enough to avoid responsibility; but it was my physical weakness that Moll had referred to. He liked to taunt me about my hernia. "LaSalle, you're an egg-shell, an old empty egg-shell, and one day you'll rot so far your shell will split and your stomach will drop down into your feet, and then you'll writhe in agony while you die. I should like to see it."

How ironic in the end. DuFond the midget was destined to live, while Moll's great white bones sank deep



... Not Too Deep

RICHARD SALE

into the mud on the floor of the Atlantic.

The fourth to join us was Richard Pennington. I knew him only slightly when Moll first approached him. Yes, he had five hundred francs. Yes, he would like to escape. "You see," he said, "I've been working on a comprehensive survey of the French penal system, and I want very much to return to the United States so that I can finish it and publish it." . . . He was an American, fifty-five years old. It was nothing short of miraculous that he was still alive. He was in the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis; his lungs must have been shredded. He had been in the colony ten years, convicted of peace-time espionage in 1924 while traveling abroad on vacation from teaching in America. There was no doubt at all about his guilt, but his motive was absurd. He'd been approached by military agents and asked to cooperate. He was so flattered he had accepted. They caught him easily. . . . Pennington had the face of a practical scientist and the eyes of a dreamer. He told me that he had once taught Sociology at the University of Virginia. It seemed grotesque at the time; but there was something essentially superior in him even then. I think his penal survey might have been brilliant.

Louis Benet was the fifth to join.

He had been committed to the colony for attacking an eight-year-old child. After he was caught the police traced other monstrosities to him. The queer part was that he was a married man—had two young daughters of his own. His wife had divorced him after his conviction.

He was not mad. Quite sane, on the contrary. He knew what he had done, knew it was horrible. It made no difference. He had no desire to change.

Benet had a dark oily skin, olivey in hue, and his head was bald through the center with two tufts of gray on each side of the hairless streak. He had a habit of dry-washing his hands when he spoke to you; he always bowed and scraped, obsequiously. Yet all the while you knew what a beast he had been and what a beast he could be again. He was sleek, almost fat. With natural talents for avarice, his capsule was well filled. (Convicts, you see, make money in prison. There is the regular pay, and then the extras, tips for running keepers' errands, gambling winnings, and all you can steal.) . . . "Savings for my start in the world," he would say humbly, "my new start. When I leave I am going to begin all over again. I am going to have a new life."

The sixth and seventh members of the expedition were Jesus Telez and

Rudolph Flaubert.

Telez, a sullen uncommunicative Spaniard, was twenty-five years old. Moll told me that he had been caught smuggling foodstuffs across the Andorra border. He was very religious. He wore a crucifix around his neck. He had faith in his God, but not in his fellowmen; he was not aware of the incongruity.

Flaubert was pathetic. The others hated him because they feared him. Perhaps—being a medico—I understood him. They saw him as a lunatic; I realized he was a pathological case. He was thirty-seven years old, and a *libéré*; that is to say, he had served his prison term and was now living out his term of exile in the colony. He was the only *libéré* in the party.

He had suffered (and was still suffering) a severe nervous breakdown, the most pernicious disease a man can have. It had given him a vicious persecution complex, which had finally caused him to strangle his wife; he believed she was ridiculing him with her unfaithfulness. His mental condition had affected all of him. His body was as gnarled as his mind, and *he had no hair on his head at all*. There was only a glistening expanse of skin across the skull, ubiquitously rosy from the sun. His face looked like an egg perched on a body of swamp-root.

Carl Weiner was the eighth man, a German. He had been convicted of sedition six years before. He cultivated an irascible exterior, feeling that it lent him formidability. Men avoided him. He dramatized any episode which made him appear a leader. You should have seen him when the Saar reunited with the Fatherland! It was a major triumph for him. He was a bore.

The ninth man was named James Dunning. He is of no importance in the story because he did not live to take part in it. He never reached the coast.

So far we were a wretched crew. And Moll loved it! I could see it all turning in his mind. He needed five thousand francs to get Gruno's boat and supplies; all right, all right. Get men who were weak and sick and rotting. There was the chance that they would fail to reach the boat. There was the chance that they would die in the boat after they reached it—the boat would be small; the more who died, the less dissension. The more dead, the greater chance for the living.

We were shy a man. The tenth. The last five hundred francs. . . . There were plenty of men to choose from, but Moll was wary.

George Verne wanted to come. He had learned of the escape through DuFond. Moll refused to let him. I

had watched the scene between them. They had faced each other like animals—teeth bared, fists clenched. That was the trouble. Neither feared the other. And Moll could not risk a man who was not afraid of him. Verne would have been a menace to his authority.

It was Verne who had taken DuFond under his shelter, protected him. Verne took care of him, fought his fights, gave him money. It was the easiest way so the boy took it. No perverts, you see, either of them. One wanted flesh; the other security and a champion.

As in many of these cases, the relationship affected Verne deeply. He felt real affection for DuFond after a while—probably the only affection he had ever shown anybody. Where DuFond was concerned, he became a weakling. Otherwise he was brutally strong. Had there been a woman accessible, of course, he would have thrust DuFond aside: as he did do, later.

... When the word got around that Moll had refused Verne the rest of us agreed it was a good thing. He would have made trouble; no doubt of it. As to his turning informer, there wasn't a chance of that. Informers don't live long in a penal colony. They meet death in apparently "accidental" ways—but quickly. Then, too, there is always the hope, up to the last, of sharing in an escape. No, Verne wouldn't tell.

But the tenth man. Who was it to be?

2

Then Jean Cambreau appeared. Who he was, where he came from, not one of us knew. It was possible, among all the convicts, that some of us should not have known him. But it was almost inconceivable that he should have been a total stranger to all nine of us.

He appeared unexpectedly, placed his five hundred francs in Moll's big hand, and said: "Take me with you, please."

No pleading, no begging, no whining; no fervent listing of his merits and how much he could do to make the escape successful. Nothing but: "Take me with you," spoken in tones of firm confidence which were unnatural to a convict.

And Moll—who had leered at hopefuls, burned their ears with insults and wished them decay in the cesspools where they belonged—Moll said simply, "All right."

It seemed contrary to his makeup to assent so readily, without some cynical observation, without a query as to who the man might be, how he had learned of the proposed flight, where he had come from, what his crime had been, where he was going ...

I could not understand it. Cambreau had done nothing but ask to go.

Well, we needed a tenth man ... Now we had him. We were to set off for the coast, by ones and twos, next morning.

3

It was twilight when we reached the beach, Cambreau and I. We could see it while we were still deep in the

glades. It came through the tops of the thinning trees where the fringe of the jungle skirted the white sand. The patches of sky there were old lavender. They seemed glary, but that was because my eyes had been accustomed to the depressing darkness of the sunless swamps. Two days of stumbling horror where every thorn that stung your legs might be a bushmaster; where every cracking twig at night might be a jaguar; where every bowing branch might be a boa. The sky looked glorious.

You don't see the sky in the jungle. The trees are too thickly grown together.

I was badly spent. I was too old for this sort of flight. I knew well enough that, had it not been for Cambreau's help most of the way, I should never have made it.

There were cruel scratches covering my legs, where the brush had ripped my trouser legs to shreds. They stung deeply and burned dully. My truss had slipped out of place and though I kept pushing it back, it would not stay. I felt that my hernia would come through. It kept me coughing until I thought my lungs would explode. Half-blind with nervous exhaustion I stumbled behind Cambreau, my hand on his left shoulder, until the white sand of the beach sucked at my feet and pulled me down to it, where I lay on my face, panting and coughing alternately.

Cambreau knelt down beside me, but did not look at me. He stared into the west and I heard him sigh.

I was sick. The reaction had left me in awful shape. I couldn't see anything at all—only a blur of sand in front of me. I lay there, collapsed,

my cheek resting on my sweating forearm as the dull throb of my heart filled my ears. The beach was so still, I fancied for an instant that even Cambreau could hear it. It boomed ...

A long time later, when I had regained my breath a little, I felt that Cambreau was staring at me and turned to see that he was. He smiled at me and said: "Doctor, you must see this. You must not miss it."

I asked hoarsely: "What is it?"

"The sky," he said. "You must watch the sky."

I looked at the sky. In the west, beneath a still small cloud, there was a purple bruise as though the sun had struck the sky in passing. In the east, sweeping at us out of Africa, a gray curtain slowly dropped. In the north the cold stretches of intergalactic space had turned into deep blue. I didn't look south, I never wanted to look south again.

Hell lay south of the sixth parallel—St. Pierre. There was no beauty back there. In one glance you saw the copper of the Maroni's waters, the agonized green of the fecund forest, the bloody red of the clay banks, the stark white of the stuccoed houses, the pinpoint azure of the cloudless sky, the murky brown of the ominous buzzards. Nothing jelled. Nothing was congruous. The colors hurt.

I didn't speak for some time, but lay watching the sky. The nausea stayed with me. There was a queer sensation inside, as though my brain had shaken itself loose and was sloshing around crazily. I sat up. The coughing stopped a little. I looked at my legs and winced when I saw the scratches. My leg muscles were

knotted hard as rock. I massaged them a little. It didn't do any good.

After a while Cambreau got up and walked down to the sea where it licked the beach about twenty feet away. I saw him strip off his shirt and fold it in his hand. He waded out a few feet, dipped it into the water, then came back and handed it to me.

I said: "What's this for?"

"I thought you might like to wash your face."

"Thank you," I said. I took the shirt and wiped my face with it. The water was cold. It felt good. While I was using his shirt, Cambreau went back to the beach and took off his trousers. He folded them neatly and laid them on the sand. Then he walked into the water again. He didn't hesitate at all, just kept wading until it was deep enough for him to swim, I frowned and called: "Be careful there! The barracuda come in close to shore."

I heard him laugh and he swam eastward, disregarding the warning. Shrugging, I took his shirt and rubbed it over my legs. The salt stung the cuts and made me grit my teeth. But it was good for me. Antiseptic.

In a few minutes it had grown so dark that I could no longer see Cambreau as he swam. There was no moon. The sea was placid. I could follow the green line of foam where the shallow waves struck the beach. Listening for Cambreau's stroke in the water, I heard nothing.

I began to feel worried. But suddenly he was standing beside me again, his trousers back on his hips. He said: "Hello! Did you watch me?"

I said: "You shouldn't have done that. The barracuda come way in on this coast. They'd tear you to ribbons in a minute. Sharks too. It's not safe to wade in even up to your knees."

"Doctor," he said reproachfully, "sharks can't swim in two feet of water. You must know that."

"Small barracuda can," I said.

He smiled and sat down beside me. "Don't worry. If I leave the barracuda alone, the barracuda will leave me alone."

"Your shirt is there beside you," I said. "Thank you for it. I'm quite refreshed."

He picked it up and put it on slowly.

"Did I get sand on it?" I asked. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right," he said.

I said: "Isn't this breeze fine? It came with the darkness. I haven't felt a cool breeze in months."

"I hadn't noticed," he said.

"That's right," I said. "You've been swimming. It must have refreshed you."

"I didn't go swimming to be refreshed," he said. "I wasn't tired."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I wasn't tired."

"You weren't tired after today?"

"No."

I said: "And I suppose you aren't hungry either."

"No," he said.

"Well, I am," I said irritably. His serenity annoyed me. "I'm tired and I'm hungry and I feel rotten."

"I don't," he said.

"How are your legs?" I asked.



"He struck a match and held it while I poised the broken shell like a scalpel and went to work"

"Badly scratched?"

"I hadn't noticed," he said. "Not particularly."

"Oh, for God's sake," I said.

There was a long silence after that. We just sat there and watched the phosphorescence where the waves broke. My glasses felt loose. I reached up and tried to tighten the catch on the left ear but it didn't do any good.

Cambreau said suddenly: "One day, doctor, you're going to feel foolish at having worn those things so long and you'll stop using them."

"That will be nice," I said. "And I suppose I'll feel foolish at having worn this other thing and I'll throw that away too and have a strangulated hernia." I sighed. "You're talking nonsense."

We sat and peered into the darkness. I asked: "Is this the right place I wonder? Moll said a beach with white sand."

"Nine miles west of us," Cambreau said, "is Iracoubo. Mattacacao should be east of us, about five miles. This is the only white beach between those two points," he paused. "This is the one Moll meant, I think."

"Then the boat—"

"The boat should be half a mile or so east of us. The beach curves out like a finger at that point and Gruno has left a rock cairn on the sand at right angles with the hiding-place."

I glanced at him sharply. "How do you know that?"

"Oh," he answered, "I must have heard Gruno tell Moll."

"Well," I said, "thank God anyway. We're here. That's something. That's more than half of it. We won't be bothered by any land patrols. They don't come over this far. We've only the sea patrols to escape now."

"The sea patrols don't come this far east," Cambreau said.

"How do you know?"

He didn't answer. I had a distinct impression that he was laughing at me in the darkness. Mild anger pervaded me. I said shortly: "I'm going to try and sleep. You do as you wish." I turned on my right side and curled up my knees, resting my cheek on the crook of my elbow.

"By the way," he said, after a brief quiet, "do you know what kind of boat Gruno has left for us?"

"No," I said.

"Probably a sloop," he said, musing. "Yes, a sloop, I'm sure. That would do nicely; say about twenty-two feet stem to stern . . . Yes, a sloop would do . . ."

"So would an ocean liner," I said, still annoyed. "Good night."

4

I must have slept for a long time because when I awakened there was a full moon high in the sky, and the beach was clearly illuminated.

One moment I had been sound asleep. The next wide-awake. Vaguely disturbed I rubbed my eyes and sat up. I wondered what had startled me. Perhaps Cambreau had touched me, I thought, and I glanced over to see if he had.

He wasn't there.

I stared at the cradled spot in the sand where he had lain and I felt



"Behind her came George Verne . . ."

anxious. Where had he gone?

Then I heard a dull kind of crunching. Or maybe I felt it first in my hands. They were resting on the sand. I looked up and down the beach—and I could see very far in the moonlight—but there was no sign of anyone. I leaned down and pressed my ear against the sand. Sure enough. Some one was walking on the beach. I could hear each footfall plainly, and then a squishing sound, as though something were dragging.

"Doctor."

I jerked up, startled, and found Cambreau beside me.

"Hello," he said.

"Where did you come from?" I said. "You weren't here a second ago."

"You shouldn't be frightened," he said. "Don't ever be frightened of me."

"Where did you go?" I asked impatiently.

"I went down the beach. I knew that Moll would be arriving. I felt that he might need help—even if it won't do him any good, now."

I said: "What are you talking about?"

"I tried to drag him up here," he went on, "but it was too far. I think it would be better if we went to him instead."

"Is Moll really here?" I asked.

"Of course he's here," Cambreau said. "He's been here for the last ten minutes, a hundred yards down the beach."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's dying," Cambreau said.

"Dying!" I rose to my feet as quickly as I could. "What are you talking about?" I felt dazed and thick-witted.

"I think you'd better come along," Cambreau said. "He's in pain and

you may be able to help him, though I don't think you'll be able to save him. He's been bitten in the ankle."

"Bitten!" I said sharply. "By a snake?"

"A fer-de-lance," he said as we hurried down the beach. "It must have struck him just as he left the jungle for the beach."

"Good God!" I said. "He's got to live! He can't die now!"

"He won't die now," Cambreau replied. "But he's not going to live. I can tell you that."

"But the escape—" I said. Then we reached him.



"Verne laughed heartily and struck Weiner across the face with his closed fist"

He was lying on his back, his face upturned to the moonlight. His skin was dead-white in the glow. His eyes were closed and although he groaned and writhed I think he was unconscious. I looked at his pupils, but there wasn't enough light to see them distinctly. I felt his forehead. It was icy. My hand came away wet with perspiration. It ran down his cheeks like water. His nose and his mouth were bleeding slightly. His respiration was good. His pulse was good.

I took a look at his right leg. It was swelling perceptibly, filling out his trouser leg—the cloth was almost taut. I said: "I need a knife to cut this thing. I'll need a knife to lance the wound too."

"I haven't a knife," Cambreau said.

I felt Moll's pockets and found some matches, a cheap little compass, the battered Bible, a map, but no knife.

"I've got to have a knife," I said mechanically.

Cambreau turned and walked off toward the shore. I stared after him for a moment and then tried to rip the trouser leg. The cloth held tenaciously for a moment, and suddenly ripped apart, exposing the leg fully. It was pretty bad. Looked like a case of advanced septicemia, but of course it wasn't. The region around a venomous bite always swells. It was discolored, boldly cyanotic, even in the moonlight. The ankle was huge. I took one of Moll's matches and struck it on the side of my trousers. When it lighted I held it down close to the ankle to examine the bite.

There were two bites. I could make out the twin fang marks in two different places. The first bite was just below the anterior side of the tibia. The second bite was directly above the ankle. I could tell this was the second bite because there was a fang still stuck in one of the wounds; the snake had bitten deeply. Moll's foot was dirty. There was swamp mud in between the toes.

I looked up to call Cambreau as the match went out, and found him standing beside me. He had a large shell in his hand, and as I watched he broke it in half and handed me a piece.

"This is very sharp," he said. "Even better than a knife. Use the broken edge and you will find it cuts cleanly."

I felt the shell with my thumb and found it razor-edged.

"All right," I said. "I'm going to need help. You hold a match over the ankle while I cut."

"All right," Cambreau said.

He struck a match and held it while I poised the broken shell like a scalpel and went to work. I dug under the fang, lifted it, and flung it as far towards the fringe of the forest as I could. Cambreau watched with interest where it landed. The shell was better than I had hoped. I cut into the lower bite and sliced a canal between the two fang marks, from which blood instantly flowed. Then I crossed that canal with another, running vertically between the fang marks. It made an X incision over the entire area. I did the same thing with the upper bite and soon the blood was flowing pretty freely, undoubtedly mixed with the excess venom in that region.

I tore off the sleeve of my shirt then, and picked up a dry stick, thrust it through the knotted piece of shirt and applied a tourniquet to Moll's leg above the knee.

I said: "You hold this, Jean. Those wounds have got to be sucked. There's a lot of venom still there."

"Your lips are chapped," Cambreau

said. "They have open cuts. And there are scratches near your mouth."

"What of it?" I asked.

"You'll get venom in your own system," he said.

I said: "That makes no difference. I've got to take the chance. We can't let him die. He's got a good chance of pulling through. His pulse is strong and his respiration is good."

Cambreau shook his head slowly. "Even anti-venom wouldn't save him."

His manner irritated me. "Hold the tourniquet!" I said sharply.

He stood there for a moment paying no attention to me and staring at Moll. Then he went to his knees and said: "You hold the tourniquet, doctor." And he bent over and applied his mouth to the wounds. He sucked out the flow and spat it on the sand until finally no more blood came.

I released the tourniquet for a few moments, to guard against gangrene, and then tightened it again. I said: "That's enough. You won't get any more now. . . . Let's see how he does."

Cambreau rose lightly to his feet. "I still think he's going to die. He probably won't last past tomorrow night."

I looked up at him. His face was very serious. He said: "You did a fine job, anyway."

5

About an hour later Jesus Telez, the sullen young Spaniard, came down the beach from the east, panting hotly and holding his shoulder. He plumped down beside us wearily and said: "Buenas noches, señores."

His clothes were in tatters and his face and legs were badly scratched.

The moonlight glistened on the crucifix around his throat. He thought Moll was asleep until he saw the ankle. Then he gasped and said: "Dios mio, que es?"

"It's Moll," I said.

"Si, si, pero la piedra . . ."

"He's been bitten by a snake," I said.

Telez looked horrified. "Barba amarilla?"

"Yes," I said.

He crossed himself and tightened his mouth. Cambreau sat directly opposite him and regarded him curiously, smiling faintly as he saw the golden crucifix. I took the tourniquet off Moll's leg and kept it off. He had stopped sweating. He had stopped his empty retching too. Pulse: good; respiration: good.

We sat there silently and watched him.

Presently I dozed. When I awakened both Telez and Cambreau had disappeared. I quickly sat up, concerned, and looked about me. The moon made the sea a spread of sparkles . . .

I wanted to go look for them but I couldn't leave Moll. I examined the ankle and found the wound clean, with irrigation excellent. I felt his brow. It was hot now. He still breathed very regularly. He had stopped groaning. He was still unconscious.

A few minutes afterward I saw the shadow of a man against the reflection of the moon on the sea, and as I watched it grew larger, approaching me. I said warily: "Hello. Who's there?"

"Telez."

When he reached me he squatted on the sand and buttoned up the fly of his trousers, keeping his eyes down on the sand away from the vicinity of Moll's ankle. His lips were suddenly tightened. Every now and then he winced.

I asked: "Where did you go?"

He nodded his head at the water. "Washed."

"You shouldn't do that," I said, taking my hand and placing it on his shoulder. "Don't go out far."

"Aow," he said, and fell away from me.

I stared at him. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," Telez said.

"Then why did you cry out?" I asked. "It's your shoulder."

"It's nothing," he said. "Leave me alone. It's nothing at all." He spoke in Spanish.

"It's your shoulder," I said.

"No."

"That's why you washed," I said. "You were washing your shoulder." I grabbed him by his good arm and pulled him toward me. He wouldn't come. He snapped his wrist away and glowered at me. I could see a dark patch on the left shoulder of his shirt. "Be sensible, Jesus. I'll fix it for you. What happened?"

"Don't call me Jesus," he said sullenly. "Leave me alone. It's nothing."

I started to reply when I glanced around and found Cambreau back again, sitting on the far side of Moll.

I asked: "Where were you?"

"I was looking for the snake," he said.

"The snake? . . . What snake?"

"The snake that bit Moll," Cambreau said.

"For God's sake, must you do that? Do you want to be bitten too? We've enough on our hands with Moll. I'm glad you didn't find it."

"I did," he said.

My heart jumped. "Where?"

"Oh, down there . . ." He motioned with his hand.

"It didn't—"

He smiled and shook his head, and then looked at Telez and frowned. He asked: "Aren't you afraid to go into the sea with the barracuda and sharks as omnivorous as Dr. LaSalle says they are?"

"There is also God," Telez said in Spanish. He said it hurriedly and sharply and he avoided Cambreau's face.

Cambreau turned to me. "Did you examine his wound?"

I said: "What wound?"

"The gash in his shoulder," Cambreau said. "I saw him washing it."

I wheeled to Telez. "Let me see it. I knew something was wrong with your shoulder."

Telez's eyes were wider than usual. He watched Cambreau steadily as he said to me: "Leave me alone. I am all right. It is nothing. Just leave me alone."

"How did you cut yourself?" I asked.

Telez said: "That man is a devil." He was still looking at Cambreau.

I ignored him and said again: "Let me see your shoulder. How did you hurt it?"

"Maybe Verne gave it to him," Cambreau said.

Telez's jaw dropped. "Es un diablo, Dios mio, es un diablo!" He turned on me savagely. "For the love of Christ, leave me alone."

I looked at Cambreau.

"But . . . how could Verne have . . ." I stopped, aghast. "You mean you think he is on his way here?"

"Ask Jesus," Cambreau said.

"Don't call me that! Don't you call me that!" Telez said hostilely.

I said: "Is it true? Telez! Is Verne on the way? Did he stab you? And where is DuFond? You were with DuFond. You were supposed to stay with him. Where have you left him?"

"Leave me alone!"

"No. You've got to tell us."

"Ah . . ." Telez sighed and dropped his head into his hands. "St. Verne is coming. El parasito!"

"How did he know? . . ."

"He watched DuFond," Telez said. "When DuFond left St. Pierre with me, Verne followed us. Last night he caught up with us when we camped."

"What happened?"

"He said that he was going to come along in the boat. I told him that he could not come because he had not paid his share—and that we did not want him."

"And then?"

"Then he said that he was coming along and if Moll didn't like it he would kill Moll."

"He won't kill Moll," Cambreau said softly. "Moll will be dead all by himself. Look at him."

Telez moved away from Cambreau uneasily. Moll was breathing heavily but he looked no worse.



"No," Moll said. "I should have known you years ago"

I asked: "What happened then?"

"Then . . . I hit him. I hit him in the face. I wish I had killed him."

I asked: "How did he stab you?"

"He grabbed my own knife," Telez said. "But I got it back again. I cut him too. In the arm. Then I ran. I walked half the night."

I asked: "What did DuFond do?"

Telez shrugged . . . "He is afraid of Verne." He fingered his shoulder. "But I'm not. I will kill him yet."

"Listen to me," I said to Telez. "Did he—"

Telez shook his head. "He has a woman with him. A black from the river. He tells the woman that he is going to take her to America. That's all. Now leave me alone."

We sat in silence again, a long time. Moll's breathing was a little hoarse, and irregular. It worried me. The swelling was about the same. His pulse was pretty strong. After a while I fingered the things I had taken from his pocket. I put the matches away, and tried to scan the map; but the moon was waning and I could not make it out. I folded it and put it in my pocket. Then I looked at the compass, but it was too dark to see the needle. I put that away too. I felt around for the old Bible but I couldn't find it. I muttered: "That's queer," and kept groping in the sand.

"I have it," said Cambreau.

"You have what?" I asked.

"What you're looking for."

"Then give it to me," I said. "It's not yours. It's Moll's. I'll keep it with his things."

He pulled the Bible out of his trouser pocket and handed it to me.

"You ought to read it," he said to me; then, "Moll won't want it any more."

Telez moved back a trifle farther. "That man is a devil," he said harshly.

I trembled a little and laid the Bible down beside me. I took a deep breath and then I asked Cambreau: "Are you a devil?"

Cambreau looked surprised. "Why do you ask that, doctor?"

I said: "You seem—well, queer. And then you anticipate things."

There was a long silence. "Well . . ." he asked, "why a devil? Why not an angel? . . . Angels can anticipate things, can't they?"

I shivered and asked: "Who are you anyway, Jean?"

"A devil!" Telez said again.

Cambreau sighed. "Never mind. One day you may see me as I am." I watched him, still shivering. He rose to his feet and considered me thoughtfully. At last he smiled.

"Flaubert may be along soon," he said. "Don't be frightened when you see him. He's sure to be upset."

He went westward down the beach and disappeared in the shadows.

6

Flaubert did come along.

I had slept soundly and when I awakened I was cold as ice and there were goose-pimples all over me. The scratches were biting, too. For a second, I thought that was what had awakened me; but it wasn't. I looked around and saw that Moll was still unconscious, Telez asleep, Cambreau not back yet. Then I heard a voice:



DuFond screamed again, this time intelligibly: "He's gone! He's gone!"

"Dr. LaSalle!"

The cry emanated from the darkness of the jungle, still visible in the fading moonlight. It was husky and terrified; I shuddered as I jerked over on my side, my eyes widened, my breath spasmodic. A long probing pain stabbed up from my groin. I said apprehensively, almost inaudible from the sudden awakening: "Who's there? Who is it?"

"It's I, doctor! Poor Rudolph! Save me, doctor! He's going to kill me! He's after me and he's going to kill me, just like he killed Dunning!"

"Flaubert," I said, half to myself. "The one they called insane." I rose to my feet and peered at the place where the black woods and white sand met. "Where are you? I don't see you."

Slowly Flaubert raised his head above the bush behind which he was hidden. A ray of moonlight struck the top of his head and gave him

an eerie color. The effect was macabre. His rounded skull, completely devoid of hair, gleamed whitely. I could make out his eyes, staring and glassy, widened in horror. He said: "Here I am, doctor! . . . Poor, poor Rudolph!"

I hardly heard him. I heard instead Moll's labored breathing and instantly stiffened, thinking of the fer-de-lance which had struck his leg. I called fervently, "Come out of that bush, Flaubert! For God's sake, come out of that bush onto the sand!"

He had been waiting for that, apparently, for he plunged through the bush and stumbled blindly across the sand. When he reached me he fell toward me and caught me around the knees, knocking me down. I hurt again. I half-scrambled back, thinking for the moment that he had brought me down in attack; but soon I felt him groveling at my feet,

saying: "You'll save me, won't you? You'll save poor Rudolph? You won't let him hurt me, will you?"

I felt sorry for him. I sat up and patted his hand and said gently: "Of course I won't let him hurt you, Flaubert."

He stopped groveling and started to cry. He really wept, screwing his face up piteously, his lower lip bending down like a stretched bow. The tears fell into the sand and rolled themselves into small balls of dust.

I patted his hand. "Don't do that," I said. "You're going to be all right now."

"He was going to kill me," he said, sobbing.

I asked: "Who?"

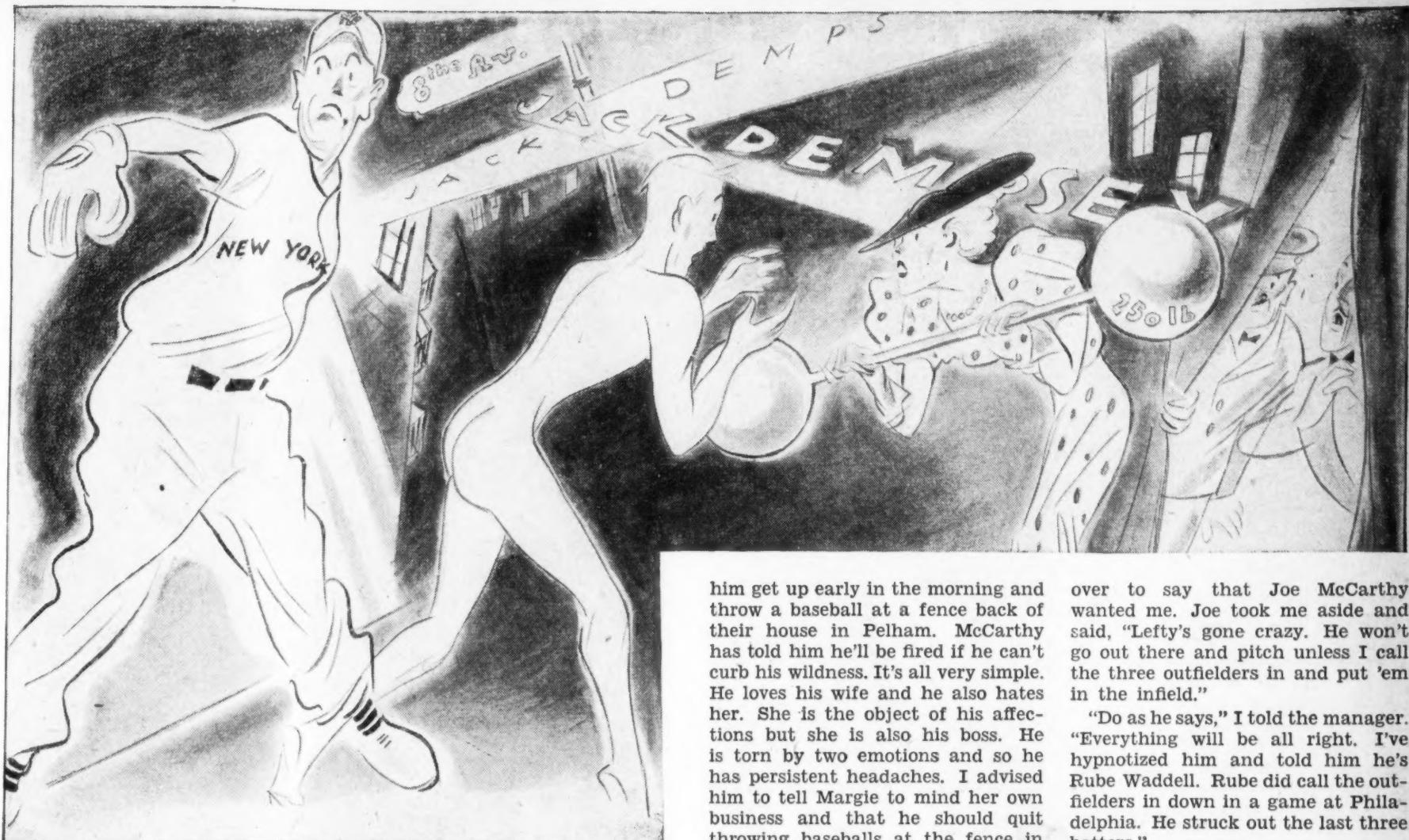
"Weiner," he said. He brushed his eyes with the backs of his wrists. The crying ceased abruptly and his eyes narrowed as he glared at me. "You won't let him?"

(Continued on page 60)



Unfair Competition

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



"Well, I'm coming down Eighth Avenue and when I get in front of Jack Dempsey's place I suddenly find I haven't got any clothes on me. I'm naked."

Lefty "Oedipus" Grogan

By HEYWOOD BROUN

MY FRIEND Dr. Freddy Palmer is a psycho-analyst, but he's never been psyched himself and so although he can tell you anything about yourself he's pretty vague as to what makes him act the way he does. For instance he is just about the most rabid baseball fan I ever met and still he can't tell me what causes that. In addition to watching the games he likes to hang around with the players. Before he became a psychiatrist he used to be a regular doctor and he's given a good many of the boys advice and free treatment for colds and headaches and things like that. I asked him once if he ever worked on the complexes of any of the ball players and he got pretty embarrassed and stalled around a lot before he came through with the story of Lefty "Oedipus" Grogan. I'll let the Doc tell it in his own way just as he did to me.

The Yankees used to have a southpaw named Grogan who was everything a pitcher needs except good control. But he did have headaches. Just for the fun of it I asked him to tell me about his dreams. He didn't need any prompting. His dreams were very vivid and he told this one:

"Well, I'm coming down Eighth Avenue and when I got in front of Jack Dempsey's place I suddenly find I haven't got any clothes on me. I'm naked. Margie, my wife, comes out

of the place and hands me one of those iron bars that says on one end '250 lbs.' And I'm still standing there naked. 'Ma,' I says to her, 'what the hell do I want with this? Where's my uniform?' But she says right back, 'You carry that or I'll thump the breath out of you.' And with that I woke up."

That may not mean anything to you, but to me it was a very revealing dream. Particularly when I got the next one. Grogan said he had this other dream in one form or another whenever he expected to pitch. Joe McCarthy would call him in from the bull pen but when he got to the bench it wouldn't be McCarthy at all. This is in the dream, of course. It would be Mrs. Grogan. It's a neat Freudian pattern. In Grogan's unconscious mind his wife, his manager and his mother are all mixed up. They all boss the life out of him.

He's standing in front of Jack Dempsey's restaurant without any clothes on. What does that symbolize? Dempsey's name suggests a big crowd. Grogan is saying to himself that he's out there on the pitching mound with nothing but a prayer and his wife can't help him. In fact in the dream he calls her a big dumbbell. That's the two hundred and fifty pound weight.

With a little questioning I found out that Mrs. Grogan was making

him get up early in the morning and throw a baseball at a fence back of their house in Pelham. McCarthy has told him he'll be fired if he can't curb his wildness. It's all very simple. He loves his wife and he also hates her. She is the object of his affections but she is also his boss. He is torn by two emotions and so he has persistent headaches. I advised him to tell Margie to mind her own business and that he should quit throwing baseballs at the fence in the morning. I told him to keep his home life and his professional career entirely separate.

His headaches disappeared immediately. But so did his control. He passed nine batters the next time he worked and McCarthy threatened to send him to Newark. McCarthy also sent for me. "I hear you've been talking to Grogan," he said, "and I won't stand for it."

"I've cured his headaches," I objected.

"What do I care about his headaches?" Joe answered. "With my pitching staff shot to pieces I've got the headaches. I'm sending Lefty in again tomorrow and if he passes more than five batters I'll farm him out and I'll bar you from the park."

That didn't give me much time but I went home and picked up an old volume of Freud's in which he described his success in using hypnosis on a cab driver in Vienna. I called on Lefty at the hotel just before the game. I borrowed his big diamond stickpin and I said, "Look at that stone Lefty. Look at it hard. Keep looking. You're getting sleepy. Relax. Relax. Keep looking at that stone. Keep looking. You're going to mow those Red Sox down. You're the greatest lefthanded pitcher the game has ever known. You're Rube Waddell. They can't touch you."

Just then the telephone rang and it was a call from a patient of mine, a cardiophobe, who thought he had a heart attack. I didn't get up to the game until the beginning of the ninth inning. There was a lot of excitement. Lefty Grogan had allowed only one scratch single and he had struck out thirteen batters and walked none. But down in the dugout there was a row about something. The bat boy came running

over to say that Joe McCarthy wanted me. Joe took me aside and said, "Lefty's gone crazy. He won't go out there and pitch unless I call the three outfielders in and put 'em in the infield."

"Do as he says," I told the manager. "Everything will be all right. I've hypnotized him and told him he's Rube Waddell. Rube did call the outfielders in down in a game at Philadelphia. He struck out the last three batters."

McCarthy gave me a mean look but he let Lefty Grogan have his way. So help me he struck out the last three batters on ten pitched balls. A fellow named Ferrell got a foul. Joe couldn't wait till the clubhouse to hear my story. We stood under the stands and I explained to him just what I had done. He was beside himself with excitement.

"I'm sorry I was cranky, Doc," he said. "This squares everything. It's wonderful. The pennant is a cinch and so is the World's Series. Fred out there at shortstop hasn't hit a lick for a month. You work on him tomorrow morning and tell him he's Hans Wagner. You can turn Joe into Babe Ruth. I mean Babe Ruth when he was good. Alec and Bill can be Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb. I only wish I had understood this hypnosis business when we were playing the cards in the Series last year."

But when we got to the locker room everybody wore a long face. "I've got bad news for you, Joe," said Fred, the assistant coach. "Here's a letter we found on Lefty's locker."

It was a note in Grogan's scrawl and it read, "I'm sick of baseball—I've decided to go on a fishing trip. Probably I won't be back — Rube Waddell."

McCarthy turned on me in fury. "Yes," he said, "and I remember that Rube did that, too. You and your hypnotism! With both major leagues of all time to choose from you give me one of the biggest nuts baseball ever knew. How on earth did you manage to pass up Bugs Raymond? I suppose you never heard of a fellow called Hubbell?"

Lefty "Oedipus" Grogan was the first and the last of my big league psychiatric patients.

Broadway Wakes Up!



The Old Girl Cooks Up a Promising Stew

By John Huston

BROADWAY stretches, yawns, rubs the sleep out of its eyes, reaches for a cigarette, strikes a match, inhales, and stretches itself. It takes the bed-telephone receiver off the hook and asks the operator to ring Public's number, then orders a bicarb. What would Public have to say this season? What would her mood be? Broadway decides it had better send her a telegram instead of calling her up, changes its mind to flowers. Flowers will soften her. Broadway will present them in person. It shaves, dresses in extreme but expensive garments, adjusts its new fall hat slightly too far down over one eye to be absolutely correct, exists.

Public's drawing-room. She sits stiffly, imperviously. Broadway's flowers are stuck awkwardly into a vase on the center table. Broadway wears a vexed expression, the baffled look

of one who wants to be entertaining, has tried to be entertaining, and has not quite made the grade.

Broadway: What is the matter, dear?

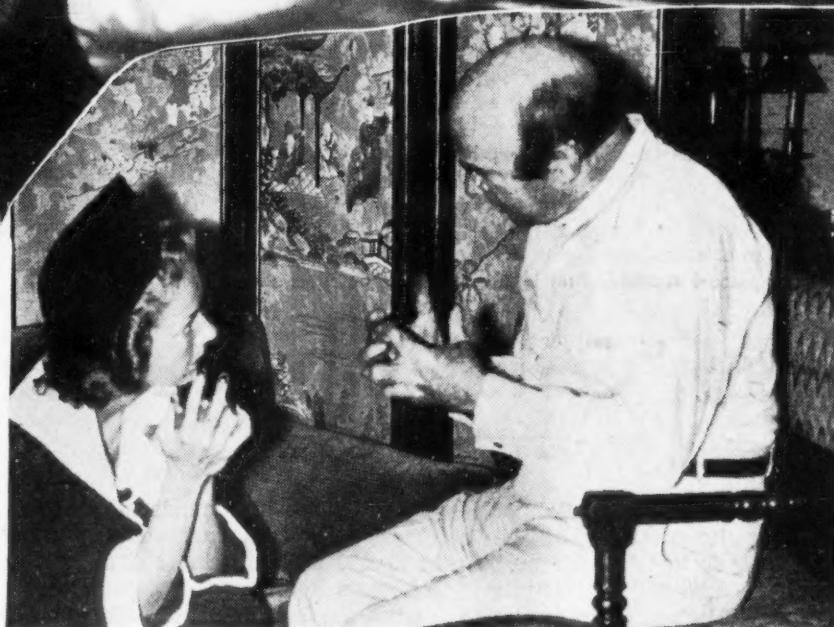
Public: I'm bored, if you want to know.

Broadway: Shall I do one of my imitations for you?

Public: I've seen all of your imitations.

Broadway: (Produces a deck of playing cards.) Take your pick.

Public: And then put it back in the pack and you'll shuffle them and then you'll tell me which card it was.



Producer Robert Milton tells Strelsa Leeds about a role in *Lonely Man*, and all that it calls for

Mollison



Joe Mielziner at work on the stage designs for Max Gordon's forthcoming production, *St. Helena*

Mollison

Broadway: (Eagerly) I'll let you shuffle them.

Public: To hell with them.

Broadway: (Laughs merrily, slaps its leg.) Have you heard about the fellow who . . . (The expression on Public's face sobering him. His voice trails off.) Have you any notion, what might amuse you?

Public: Don't you know? You're supposed to. Didn't I hear you telling Angel that you anticipated my every whim and fancy?

Broadway: You are undoubtedly the hardest-hearted creature that ever lived.

Public: Aren't you forgetting yourself?

Broadway: Forgive me, darling, but after all I do everything in my power to please you. I worship you, and you know it.

Public: I know what you worship about me, all right.

Broadway: So I'm going to be told again, am I, that I'm after your money?



The rhythm man pounds it into the bones of the chorus rehearsing at the Winter Garden

Mollison



Stella Simon

Opening night, the moments of waiting for the first curtain are long and full of strain



Mollison

Carlos and his school. Girls with names like "Dawn O'Day," "Mitzi Mayfair," "June Knight" are just tired little hoofers after hours of the practice dance before a mirror

Public: Well, aren't you?

Broadway: You know I'd adore you even if you didn't have a penny.

Public: (Touched in spite of herself) I wish I could believe you.

Broadway: How you can doubt me for a single instant after all I've done to show you? Have you forgotten, my dear— (takes her hand) *Russet Mantle* and *Correspondant Unknown*? Have you?

Public: (Freezes up) I've tried. Oh how hard I've tried.

Broadway: *Bury the Dead* . . .

Public: Deliver me! And while we're on the subject let me inform you once and for all I know just exactly how Author feels about war, his every opinion!

Broadway: (Uncertainly) To be sure he did some very stark and realistic writing on the subject.

Public: Well, hereafter you may look for me at a burlesque house when Author gets on that subject again. A *downtown* burlesque house.

Broadway: (Blushes) Oh, I say, surely you aren't being serious.

Public: . . . Watching the ancient art of the strip. In my opinion, it's a much stronger argument against conflict than any of the boring dia-tribes Author has thought up.

Broadway: Tch-tch-tch.

Public: Now there is an idea for Author. Why doesn't he write a play



Mollison

Rehearsals in the cloisters of the Theater Guild are in keeping with the dignified, almost old-world mein of the organization's headquarters on West 52nd Street

against war, with strip girls?

Broadway: He did 2000 years ago, *Lystrata*, my dear

Public: So he did, I'd forgotten.

Broadway: (Having scored) But to get back to last year . . .

Public: It's a long way back from *Lystrata* to last year!

Broadway: (Back down a peg.) *Jubilee* and *Jumbo* weren't so bad.

Public: (Immediately freezing up) You can have them back any time you want them—with your letters.

Broadway: *Dead End*?

Public: Well—the kids were good, I must say, but as for the story . . .

Broadway: *Victoria Regina*? . . . *Pride and Prejudice*? . . . *Winter-set* ?

Public: Perhaps one or two were passable. No, to give the devil his due, I must say they—had something.

Broadway: Something, maybe, but nothing very much.

Public: (Surprised out of her smugness) They were first-rate, and so was *Idiot's Delight*. All four were marvelous in fact, simply marvelous



Mollison

Sidney Kingsley, author of *Ten Million Ghosts*, not to mention *Dead End*, and producer of *Napoleon the First*, in conference

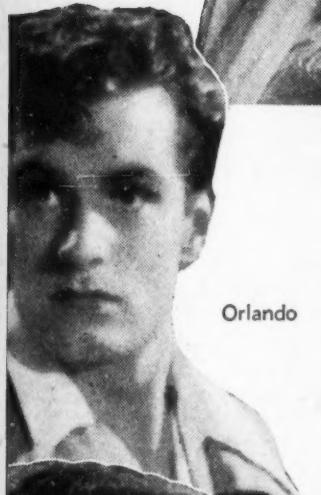


Mollison

Up goes the scenery. Not a piece will fit. Everybody will go crazy

As You

The first picture production of a come out of England, *As You Like It*



Orlando



Oliver



Touchstone



1915—Vienna



2. Orlando, second son of a nobleman, after throwing the Duke's favorite wrestler, quarreling with his elder brother, Oliver, and trouncing him, determines to go into hiding for a time and makes his way to the same forest

"Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy Throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue."

APEARING in the leathern jerkin she wore while playing the part of Rosalind 560 consecutive times, thereby establishing a long run, world record for any Shakespeare play, Elisabeth Bergner has completed the film version of "As You

1. Rosalind, daughter of the banished Duke, and Celia, daughter of Duke Frederick, decide to flee together to the forest of Arden rather than be parted by the Duke's decree that Rosalind, who Duke Frederick knows outshines his own daughter, leave the court

"She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness, Her very silence and her patience, Speak to the people, and they pity her."



3. Orlando fell in love with Rosalind whom he saw at the wrestling match, but does not recognize her when he meets her in the forest because she is disguised as a boy. When she questions him about the poetry which she has seen carved on surrounding trees, he admits his love for her

"There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks."

Like It," the third Shakespeare picture to appear in the present cycle and the first to be made in the poet's own country.

Directed by Paul Czinner, Miss Bergner's husband, adapted to the screen by playwright Sir James



1923—Zurich



1927—Vienna



1930—Berlin

Like It!

play by William Shakespeare to
It, awaits the American premier

Barrie, scored by composer William Walton, costumed by artists Armstrong and Strassner, set by Lazare Meersom, the Russian architect, "As You Like It" is purported to be the most elaborate production ever to come out of England. Built for Rosalind's mock trysts and the sylvan cavortings of Arden's dwellers were



5. A further complication arises when Phoebe, a coquettish shepherdess, ignoring the pleas of Silvius, her faithful suitor, becomes enamored of Rosalind, also supposing her to be a handsome youth

*"Dear shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"*

thousands of square feet of forests. Director Czinner exposed 180,000 feet of film—cut it down to 8,000 feet. Practically none of the names of members of the supporting cast will be recognized in this country. However, 20th Century, which is releasing the picture, promise that Lawrence Olivier, Orlando, will be the next hailed great lover.

Europe's greatest dramatic star has appeared four times in English films, never in a Hollywood film, in one American stage production. So great a ballyhoo attended her arrival here that it inoculated New York theatre critics with Bergner toxin-antitoxin. But in the next

morning's papers, after the opening, only one or two critics guardedly observed that she did employ tricks of acting such as—scratching her head, a gesture calculated to be disarming, and every last critic credited her with being an actress of the first water. At the end of the theatrical year they unanimously agreed that American first stage-lady Katherine Cornell and the imported product had given the two finest performances of the season.

Most of her time here, Miss Bergner spent either in her hotel room or on the stage. She disliked New York intensely, miserably counted the days until she boarded ship, sailed



6. Comedy is furnished by Touchstone, the Duke's court jester, who has accompanied the girls to the forest, and Corin an elderly shepherd

"The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

7. Misanthropic Jacques expounds his dour philosophy in a masterful manner, but finds few listeners among the romantics who dwell in the forest

*"All the world's a stage
and all the men and women merely players."*

THE
NEW

BERGNER
FILM



8. After a bewildering series of events engineered by the ingenious Rosalind, a happy ending, below, is reached in which the banished Duke, who also has been living in the forest, is returned to his rightful authority and in which no less than four marriages take place involving Rosalind and Orlando, Celia and the now penitent Oliver, Silvius and Phoebe, and Touchstone and Audrey, a shepherdess

"Play Music, and you brides and bridegrooms all, with measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall."



away from the U. S. Upon her return to Europe she immediately went into complete retirement to recuperate from the ordeal of her American visit.

No pose is her phobia against publicity being given her private life. She will have no other director than her husband. Seldom does she make a statement for the press. When her film "Escape Me Never" was banned in Germany because its star was not of "Aryan" extraction, she said nothing. In Germany before her voluntary exile she did make a statement: "Shakespeare's plays are the greatest poetry in the German language."

Viennese born, childishly graceful both in her motions and her speech, she possesses a curious childlike intensity, and at communicating that quality to her audience, she is a past master.



1932—Berlin



1934—London, with producer Cochrane



1935—New York

Beauty Goes on the Air

After sixteen years, Radio has the aura of Hollywood, and television promises more magic ahead.

RAADIO BROADCASTING, like the movies, like aviation, like the telephone and telegraph, is another technological Topsy. Up out of practically nothing, the industry has grown into the complexity, long pants and vitality of adolescence. Sixteen years old, it will gross approximately \$100,000,000 in 1936.

Solid as radio may be, the industry knows no certainty, knows no calm. Smooth as the great studios run, radio functions in no set pattern. Each year finds some part of the business radically changed.

But the big companies take it on the chin in their expanding stride. Stiff depreciation policies are the rule. The Columbia Broadcasting System, for instance, writes off technical equipment in four years. WABC's transmitting tower and plant at Wayne, New Jersey, costing \$500,000 in 1931, may be obsolete by the end of this year. Technological eruptions, changes in public taste, make much of the game a guess.

And on the horizon is the grin of the new babe, television. Already the Motion Picture Operators Union is teaching its members all about television in case television takes the



Lydia Lipskorska



Grace Moore

Songbird styles, 1926 and 1936



Pickens Sisters



Duncan Sisters

Tricksters at blending, now and then



Phil Spitalny and his gal band

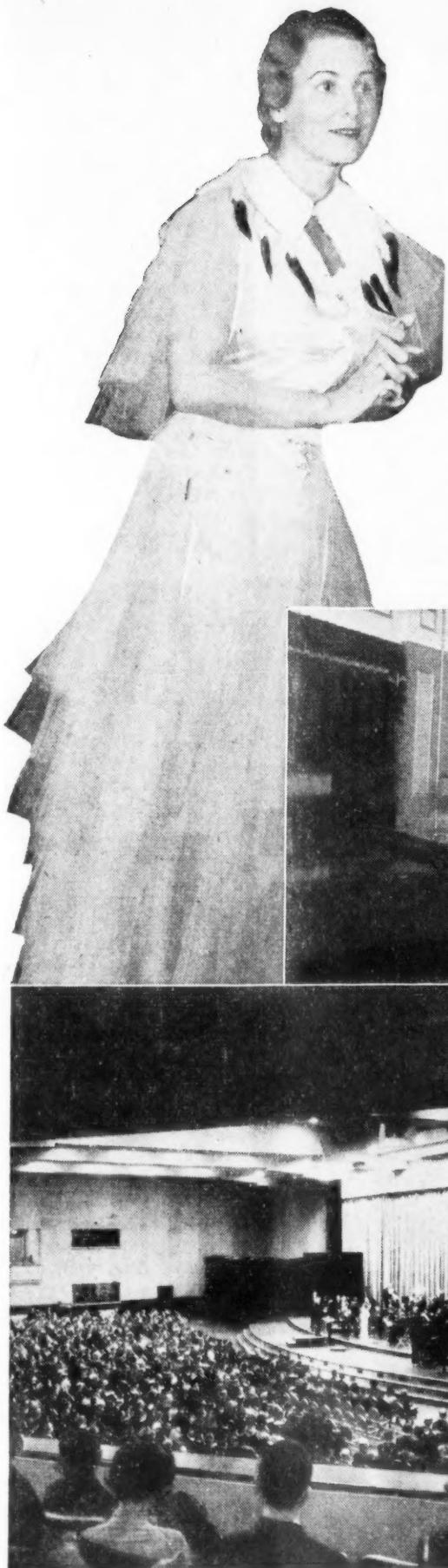
In deft 1936



Hot stuff ten years earlier

Ladies Night (WEAF)

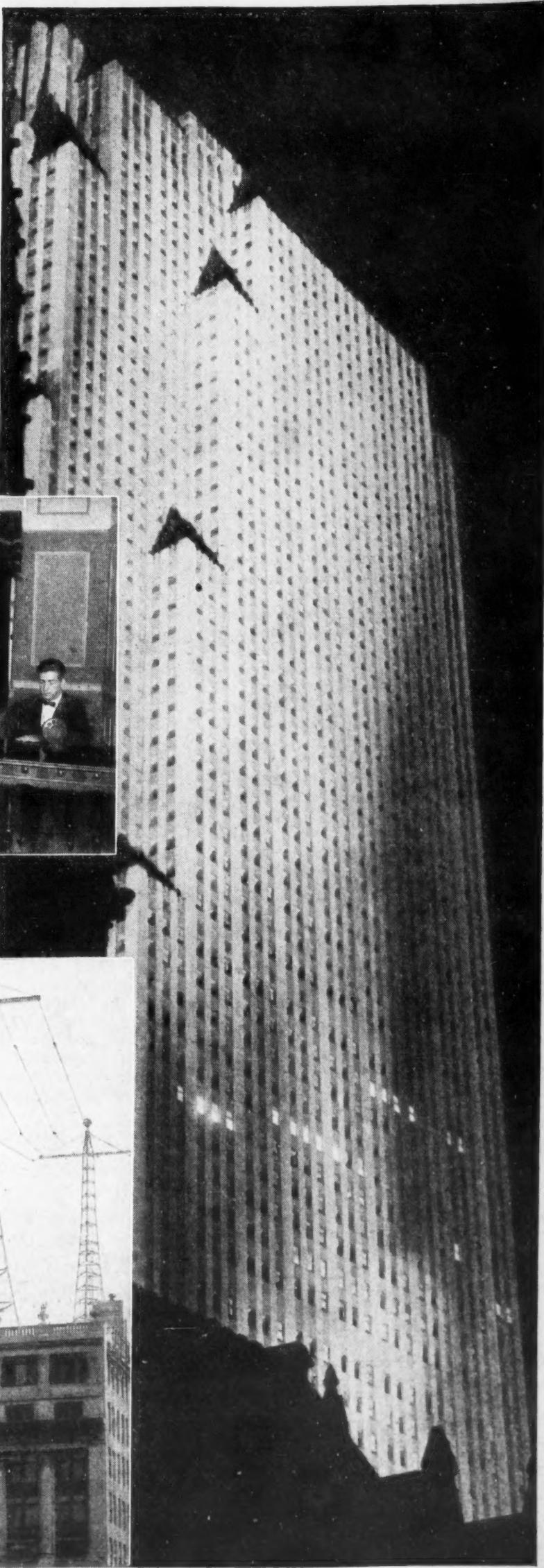
MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



for Radio Corporation of America, Westinghouse and General Electric. Impetus for the beginning of United Independent Broadcasting System, which soon turned into CBS, was that it would be another place for Arthur Judson, manager of concert stars, to place his fiddlers, oboe-players, tenors and contraltos. Reason for Mutual Broadcasting System, up-and-coming infant, soon to go coast-to-coast, is that independent stations, left out in the cold, want to get into the gravy of national advertising.

Since the first commercial broadcast (the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, July 2, 1921) the business has grown until today some 65,000,000 listeners through their 20,000,000 receiving sets hear eight networks, 561 stations every week.

Ten years ago NBC had but two studios at 195 Broadway. Today in New York alone it has twenty-six studios on the nine floors of the towering RCA Building in famed Rocke-



1926, no audience.
1936, 1500 watch

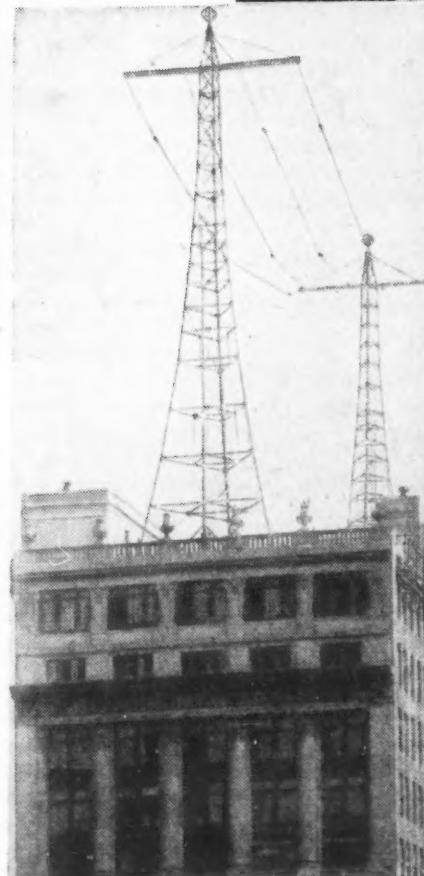


the remainder from regional. Strange contrast to ten years ago when these webs first began to tie the nation's cities together.

To date American Telephone and Telegraph Company has invested \$19,500,000 in the mere physical equipment of long distance wires that link all network stations. To use these wires the networks pay an annual rent of \$3,500,000.

But neither CBS nor NBC began with intent to make big money out of national broadcasting. NBC thought at most it might break even. The excuse for David Sarnoff putting NBC together in 1926 was that it would stimulate the sale of radios

feller Center. The visitor who walks down its halls, padded well for silence, is dazed with the knowledge that to either side programs are simultaneously being broadcast to millions of people. Something of the aurora of Hollywood abounds. Temperament is in the air. Polo-shirted men and mascara-eyed female blues singers, toussled-haired geniuses of pen and violin flock the halls.



An infant in 1926. Aeolian Hall

Streamline giant in 1936. Radio City

FOOTBALL COACHES On Review



Lou Little—Columbia

The gentleman to the left is doing more worrying these days than any of his seven colleagues on this page. First, because that is his nature, and secondly, because Saturday afternoon appointments have been made for him to meet two of these same colleagues. The Columbia miracle worker will bring his snarling Lions right into the Wolverines' den at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on October 24 and later on he will be a reluctant host to Stanford's wild Indians, bent on avenging that 1934 Rose Bowl defeat. His promising array of backs but uncertain line also must face Army, Cornell, Dartmouth, Syracuse.

Tiny Thornhill—Stanford

Tiny Thornhill (right) has a player on his squad named Tom Collins. This fact alone, with its publicity value, should recompense him in a measure for those men he lost by graduation. Grayson, Moscrip, Hamilton and the rest of the Stanford immortals who played in the Rose Bowl three times will be missed, but there are a host of aspirants eager to fill their shoes. Many a good football player has been warming the Stanford bench for the last two years, so don't sell the Indians short. Plenty of good backs and rugged linemen are on hand to keep up the good record on the Pacific Coast.

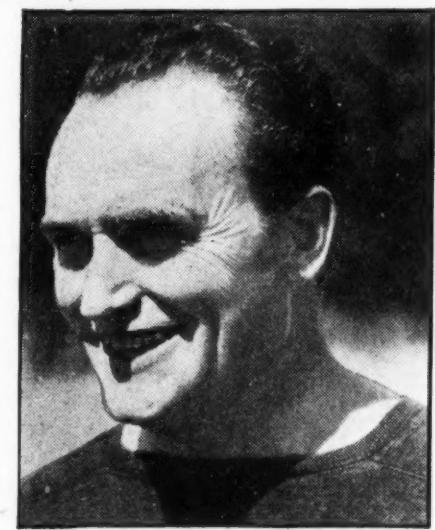


Slip Madigan—St. Mary's

St. Mary's team, which has been steadily on the upgrade, is due to pull a few surprises this year under the insistent urging of Slip Madigan, right. A ten game schedule awaits the Gaels but there is enough man power at Oakland to take care of it nicely without tiring the boys too much. The 1935 varsity is almost intact and it is backed up by an experienced second string group and a promising sophomore squad. The net result is a varsity squad three deep in every position. St. Mary's is a traveling outfit this year. Among other excursions, it goes across the country to meet Fordham.

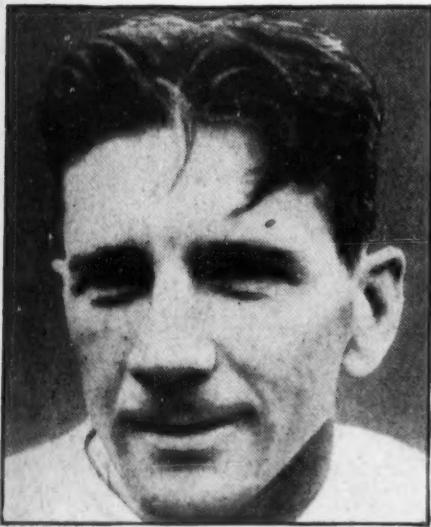
Fritz Crisler—Princeton

Waste not your sympathies on Mr. Crisler, even though Princeton has lost Constable, LeVan, Spofford, Weller, Lea and McMillan. Scandal-mongers will tell you that Princeton must play Pennsylvania, Navy, Harvard, Cornell, Yale and Dartmouth on successive Saturdays, and that two smart ends and a power-house fullback are needed at Nassau. But reports from Princeton intimate that ends and fullbacks are lurking all over the Gothic-studded landscape. Fritz Crisler has no Saturday appointments with any of the other seven coaches here. And is he glad! And are they glad, too!



Jock Sutherland—Pittsburgh

That old team-builder Jock Sutherland, left, is at it again this year. Already rated as one of the best in the East before it has hardly started, Pitt holds a key position in determining sectional ratings. Its schedule includes Notre Dame, Ohio State and Nebraska and the showings these teams make against the Panthers may be used to advance various claims for sectional supremacy. On the other hand, Pitt's opponents might want to forget they ever heard of Jock Sutherland. With a bevy of handsome juniors, Pitt should be a team to watch, especially against Fordham on October 31.



Elmer Layden—Notre Dame

The Fighting Irish will need all the fight (Irish and otherwise) they've got this fall to broaden that smile on the face of Elmer Layden, at left. Like his friend, Mr. Little, Brother Layden is an habitual pessimist. With the Irish ranks depleted by graduation and with a staggering schedule staring him in the face, you can't blame this Horseman for feeling glum. These are reconstruction days at South Bend, the main job being to find a Shakespeare (half-back, not bard), a Fromhart and a Millner and to revive that spirited drive that accounted for two last-minute victories in '35.

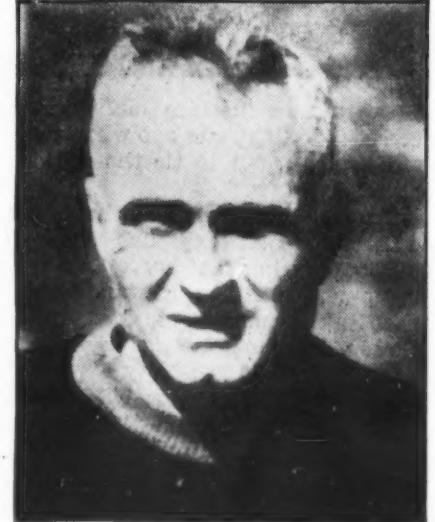
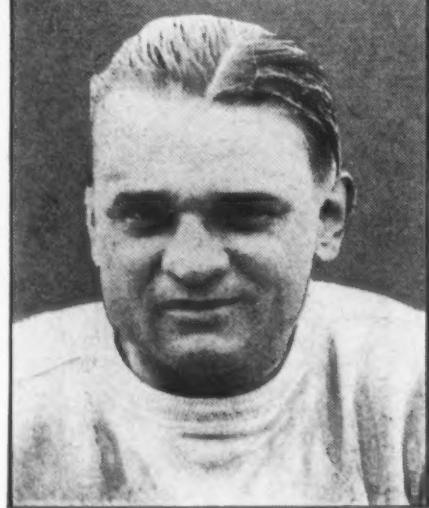


Bernie Bierman—Minnesota

If there are tougher schedules than Minnesota's this year, Bernie Bierman, at right, would like to see them. And if there are better teams than Minnesota's this year, Messrs. Little, Thornhill, Layden and Co. would like to see them. The psychological handicap of trying to keep unblemished a three-years' unbroken record should be offset by the fact that no less than twenty letter-men, who helped compile that record, are back this fall. Football-wise Coach Bierman has the peculiar problem of making up his mind which eleven men are the best of his dazzling squad.

Harry Kipke—Michigan

Mr. Kipke, to the right, is about as close to his friend Mr. Bierman, over there in the coffin corner, as he wants to be. But he'll be much closer to him on October 17 when he brings his Wolverines to Minneapolis for a friendly joust with the Minnesota Maulers. The following week he expects a visit from Lou Little. All this social calling demands a lot of preparation, and Mr. Kipke has been preparing for more than a month. Helping him are twenty letter men, including Matt Patanelli, a two-hundred-pound end, and the best sophomore group Ann Arbor has seen in years.



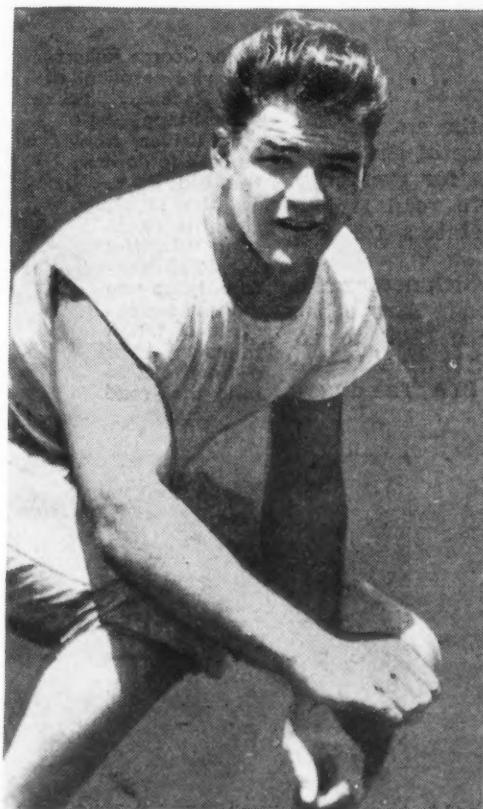
STAR HOPEFULS

ON THE first day of football practice last month, every college coach in the country was greeted by a group of husky sophomores eager to break into Big Time football. Some of them, through natural ability, hard work and wise coaching, will make good. They will become stars overnight, either by ousting a regular from his berth or by filling a vacancy caused by graduation. Others are destined to play the role of a scrub, a thankless but necessary job, and to bask in the reflected glory of their more publicized betters.

Here we present five sophomores, who from all indications will make good this fall . . .



ED WILLIAMS—N. Y. U.
A two hundred and ten pound sprinter is this young man of New York University. His six feet, two inch frame might fill a halfback post if he lives up to his early promises. N. Y. U.'s first few games will provide the test he needs. Come on, Williams, make us look good



PETE ZAGAR—Stanford
No sooner does Stanford's great tackle, Bob Reynolds, leave Palo Alto with his sheepskin under his arm, than along comes Pete Zagari, heading a great sophomore delegation. This boy weighs two hundred and five pounds and has enough speed to be used at end when necessary



SID LUCKMAN—Columbia
The glowing advance notices given to Columbia's sophomore hopeful are all the more startling in view of the fact that he did not play with the freshman team last year. Instead, he spent his week days in the study hall and his Saturday afternoons on the Columbia varsity bench. Sitting next to Lou Little, he learned more football lore during those games than he would have if he had been playing. Luckman is big, fast and furious. His slippery style of running and accurate passing make him one of the most promising sophomores in the land. You'll be reading about him on Sunday mornings



JOHN LUCY—Colgate
In modern football a guard must be almost as fast and shifty as a halfback. He must pull out of the line on offense and stay ahead of the ball carrier. Lucy showed that he could do that very thing during his freshman year. Coach Andy Kerr hopes he keeps on doing it, and so does Lucy's uncle, Frank Frisch



Follow the white line! That's what the world's leading automobile drivers will be doing October 12 on this crazily twisting four-mile track at Westbury, Long Island, when road racing returns to the scenes of its former glory. Built on the site of the starting point of the historic Vanderbilt Cup races, Roosevelt Raceway provides road racing conditions with race-track conveniences to spectators. For the dare devil drivers, it provides this weirdly-designed course with its 1,600 right and left turns for the 400 mile inaugural race. The turns are not banked

Return of a Native

A lament for mayhem as it was practiced by
the late knights of the linen duster

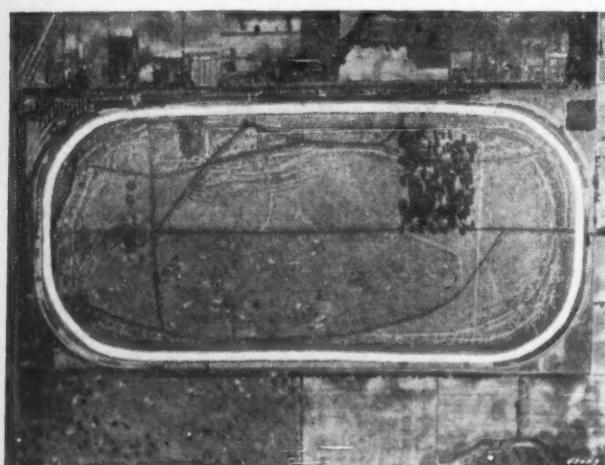
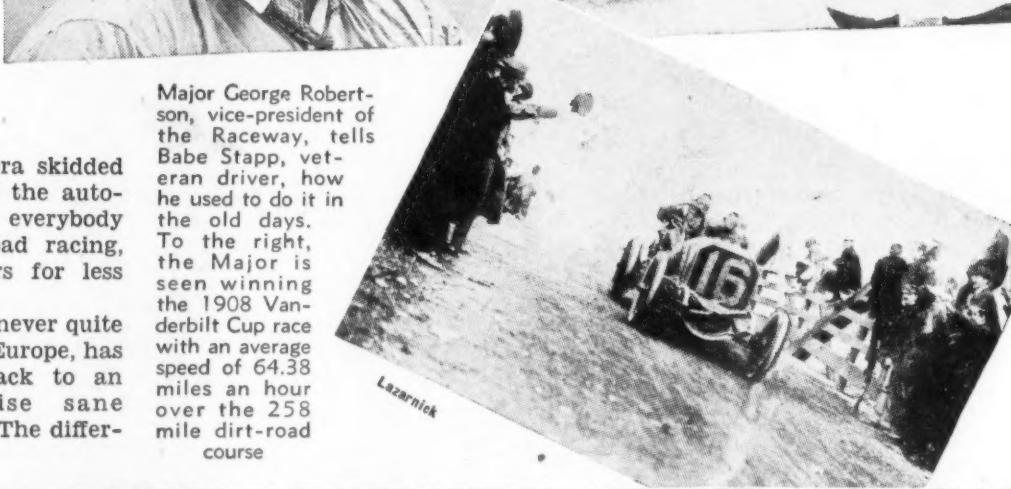
IN THE days of the moustache—and Vanderbilt cups when you wanted to see these new-fangled automobiles doing their stuff you went out to a dirt road race course, and stood with your feet in the dust and your heart in your mouth while the roar-

ing contraptions of the era skidded by. Ironically, the rise of the automobile as a vehicle for everybody killed the interest in road racing, and saved the spectators for less dangerous sports.

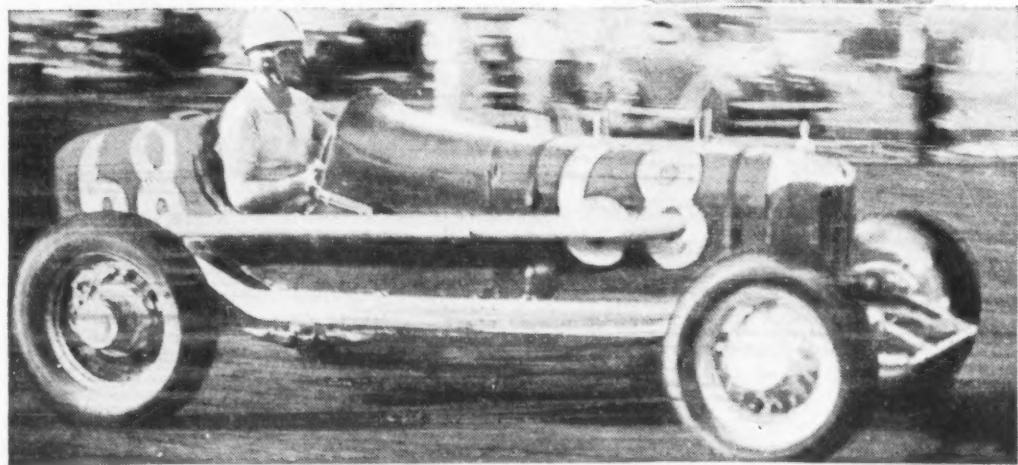
But road racing, which never quite died in Europe, has come back to an otherwise sane U. S. A. The differ-



Major George Robertson, vice-president of the Raceway, tells Babe Stapp, veteran driver, how he used to do it in the old days. To the right, the Major is seen winning the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup race with an average speed of 64.38 miles an hour over the 258 mile dirt-road course

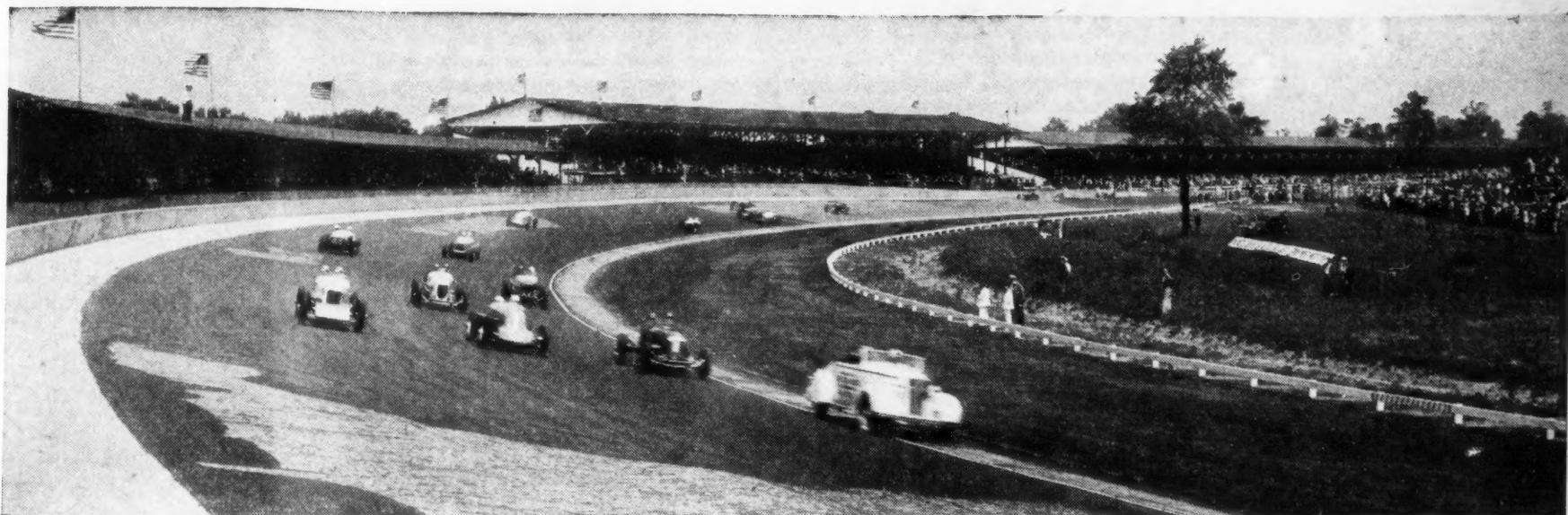


This white line, showing the oval-shaped course of the Indianapolis Speedway, is not so hard to follow. The turns are banked, and in the annual Decoration Day classic the drivers negotiate 800 of them, all to the left, during the 500 mile race

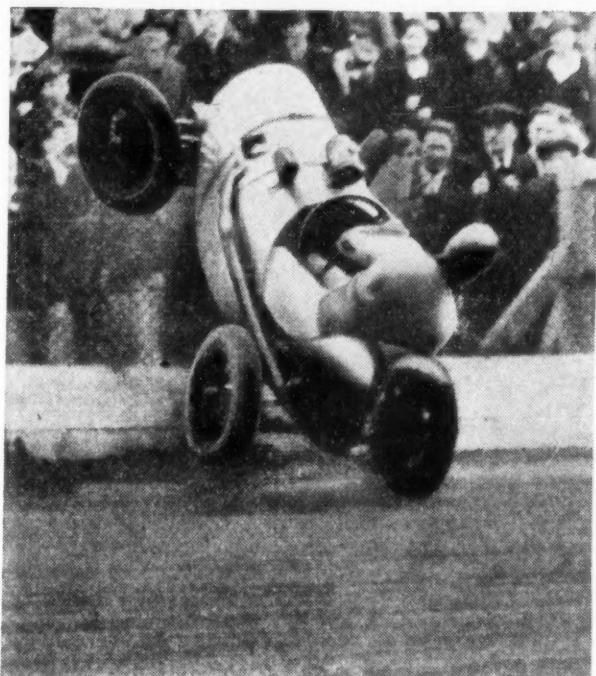


Bill Williams whizzes around Roosevelt Raceway at ninety miles an hour in a special race to test the course. The speed of cars in the Columbus Day race will vary from 145 miles on the straight-away to 60 around the turns

Wide World



A pace car leads the drivers in the Indianapolis race to the starting line. This red brick track was built in 1910, when road racing declined because of traffic-clogged roads. Modern racing cars average better than a hundred miles an hour in the annual 500-mile grind.



A midget car climbs out of the track at London

International

ence is that the modern road racing is not nearly so murderous. With a fine regard for lives, which the spectators in the good old days really wanted to risk, road racing will be henceforth confined to courses like Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island. Every precaution is taken to send the customers home alive.

On the new course there's to be a new Vanderbilt Cup, donated by George, nephew of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who gave the original. But things won't be the same.

Just as trans-Atlantic flights are helpful to airplane manufacturers in improving their products, so are

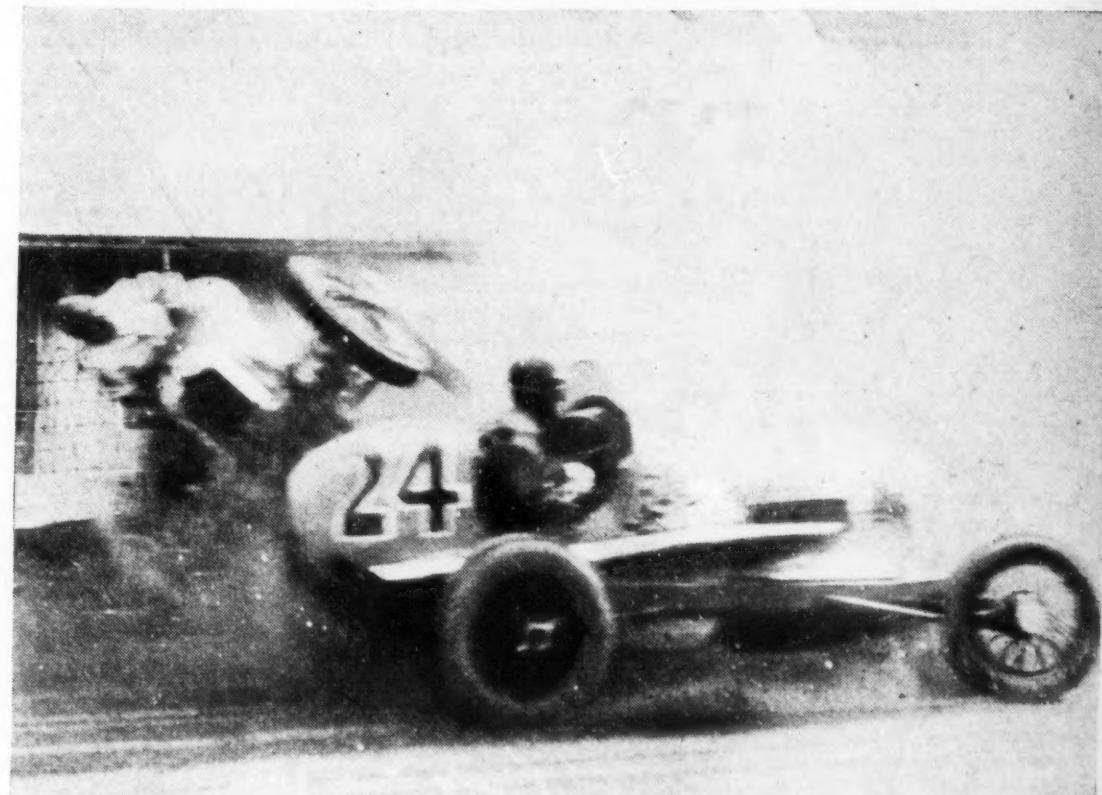
automobile races useful as tests of motors as well as of men. The most flexible motors, the finest brakes and the most durable tires

must be used on a car made to spin around hairpin turns at sixty and more miles an hour.

In the inaugural race on Roosevelt Raceway, there will be no restrictions on gas and oil, as there are at Indianapolis, and supercharges will be permitted on the

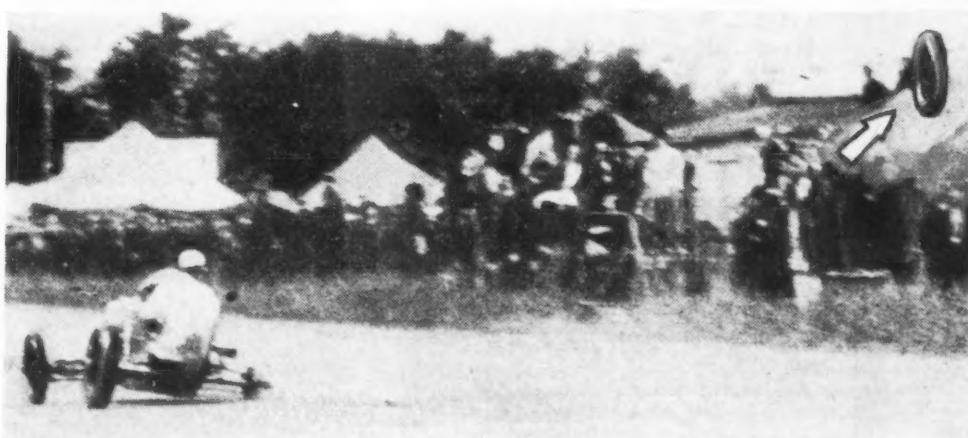
racing cars. Each driver must make at least one stop during the race to permit inspection of his car.

To protect the spectators guard rails have been erected along both sides of the track and concrete retaining walls have been placed where they will do most good.



Crashes like this spell thrills for spectators and danger for drivers

International



What would you do in a case like this? Floyd Roberts, Los Angeles driver, contemplates his right rear wheel spinning through the air and at the same time brings his car to a stop miraculously without mishap



Death rides the race-tracks, but the lessons learned from twisted wreckage often are used to prevent death in passenger cars. All race-tracks are proving grounds, of motors as well as of men

International

HOW TO PLAY: Badminton



Jess Willard, who can do everything to a badminton bird except make it sing, demonstrates a backhand shot. All orthodox tennis strokes can be used, except the serve

Cliff Sawyer shows us the grip (just shake hands with the racket) and the smash. The ball can be stroked gently or hit savagely. High lobbing is an important part of the game

Getting a low bird with a backhand shot. Mrs. Bert Barkhoff is one of the many women who have taken advantage of the growing popularity of badminton and who have joined clubs throughout the country

TENNIS PLAYERS contemplating badminton had better think twice, for this hitting of a piece of cork across a net can be a very strenuous game indeed if played in the proper spirit. Good tennis players who play badminton during the winter as a means of keeping in trim have been heard to say that three sets of badminton sap more energy than do five sets of tennis.

The game is faster than tennis and places great stress on volleying, as the shuttlecock, or bird, is declared dead when it hits the ground. Beginners and persons who have had, or anticipate, a hard day at the office, find that playing doubles is a good idea. A hard-fought singles match, even if played for sport's sake, can exhaust the average player.

Badminton is primarily an indoor game although it is played more widely every summer on improvised outdoor courts. The racket resembles a squash racket but weighs only six ounces. The bird, made of cork and feathers, weighs less than an ounce. An indoor court should be forty-four feet long and twenty feet wide, with a net five feet high. About thirty feet of clearance between the net and ceiling will allow enough space for high lobbing.



A doubles match at the New York Badminton Club



Helen de Peyster demonstrates the serve. Unlike tennis, the racket must strike the shuttle at a point not higher than the server's waist. After the bird is in play, many trick shots can be used to place the bird away from the reach of one's opponent. The game originated many centuries ago in India where it was known as "Poona." It went from there to England after English Army officers took it up and received its present name when it was introduced to English society at Badminton, the home of the Duke of Beaufort



The Gulf areas of Louisiana, Georgia and Texas look like Japanese prints; They are the rich rice harvests destined for American breakfast tables and new-style desserts

We Eat American Rice

We not only grow and eat it, but export it as well. About \$2,000,000 worth of rice, grown right in our own back yard, will be exported this year, and some of it will go to China, of all places



Harvest time is at the peak just now. The millions of bushels are cleanly handled, packaged and stored, then shipped to every grocerman in the country



Give him rice for vitamins and the needed mineral salts advised by modern nutritionists. Served with cream and cooked fruit or combined in hundreds of other recipes, rice is one of the standbys of American kitchens

BOYS AND GIRLS are taught that Japapese and Chinese are the rice eaters of the world. A favorite picture is of Oriental rice farms with native farmers ankle-deep in the watery harvest fields. Few students and fewer plain John Citizens bother to find out that America has gone Eastern to such a degree that rice farming has become one of the leading domestic industries. We even export it to the land of the rising Sun and to other places.

Estimated crop for the current year is about 36,000,000 bushels. Harvest peak is now. Texas, Florida, Georgia and Southern California rice fields are America's busiest swamps these Autumn weeks.

Rice, the food is filling, nourishing and comparatively low in cost. Rice pudding still leads as a man's dessert. It is also baked with hash or onions, made into patties or mingled in a cheese sauce and scalloped. It may go Italian or Spanish, or Creole in a savory Gumbo of the old South. It is a standby as a stuffing for chicken and to combine with chopped, cooked meat; it goes into muffins and breads and especially in a spoon bread, made tender and meltingly good in the Southern manner.

Delicacies like butterscotch rice Bavarian, apple custard pie with rice, coffee rice pudding, creamy rice with fruit are starters in the long list which includes frozen rice and apricot pudding, honey custard given a kick with brandy and rice gone ritzy in other de luxe combinations.

Curries alone, made with rice, have converted many a non-rice addict to a new delight in dining. Griddle cakes, mock meat loaf, salads, soups and soufflés call for this popular food.

Native-grown rice claims a cleaner record both in the fields and in the handling and packaging—a virtue always appealing to local housekeepers. In any form, wild, polished, or of the long-grain Spanish type, it is a potent hoarder of vitamins and valuable minerals. It has become a leading staple of the American diet.

The first rice was planted in the United States during the Seventeenth Century. Although the plant usually requires a great deal of moisture, some types of rice can be grown with only a moderate supply of water. In this country the seed is usually drilled, like wheat, and the ground kept wet until germination. The rice fields are flooded when the young plants appear, then drained and cultivated, and finally they are flooded

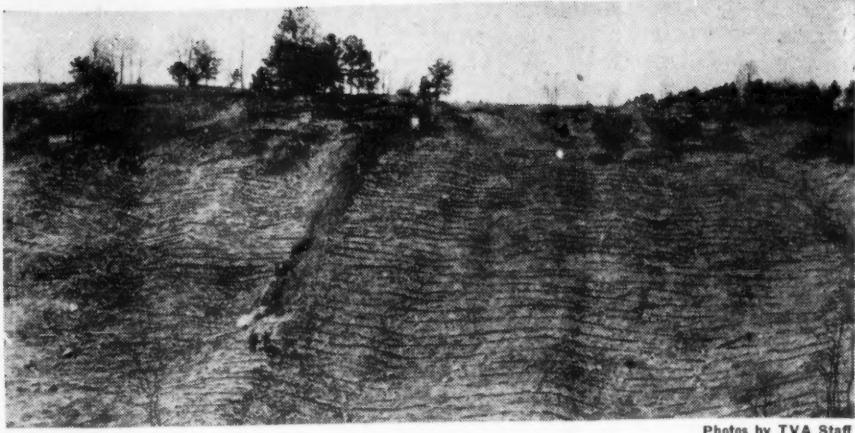
again. Methods of irrigation vary. In some localities canals are dug from river banks, while in Texas pumps are used to regulate the moisture.



One of the many store houses: A great industry, hundreds of growers, thousands of employees, home economics experts and dietitians have made America's rice industry one of the leading in locally-grown foods



OVER THIS TENNESSEE VALLEY HILLSIDE WATERS RAN RIOT BEFORE EROSION CONTROL WORK WAS UNDERTAKEN IN 1934.



Photos by TVA Staff

BUT AFTER THE WORK THE HILLSIDE LOOKS LIKE THIS. NO LONGER CAN RIOTOUS WATERS GOUGE AND SCRATCH AT THE VALUABLE SOIL OF THIS FARMLAND

RICH LAND, POOR LAND

Stuart Chase's Newest Book Has a Continent for Hero



STUART CHASE

WHEN the first white men came winging over the Atlantic horizon on a high-pooped ship, the American continent "was rich with growing things, incredibly beautiful to look upon, wild and tempestuous in its storms and climatic changes and perhaps the most bountifully endowed by nature of all the world's continents. Forest, grasses and wild life were at the maximum limit of their vitality; deserts and barren places were at a minimum . . .

"Now the old forest, the old grasslands have almost completely disappeared. Desert lands have broadened. A dust desert is forming east of the Rockies where firm grass once stood. Woodlands—and a spindly lot they are by comparison—cover only half the area the primeval forest once covered. Grazing areas are still immense but the old types of native grasses have largely gone . . . The continental soil, the center of vitality, is visibly and rapidly declining. The forest cover has been stripped and burned and steadily shrinks. The natural grass cover has been torn to ribbons by steel plows and

the hooves of cattle and sheep. The skin of America has been laid open. Streams have lost their measured balance, and, heavy with silt, run wild in flood to the sea at certain

seasons, to fall to miserable trickles in the drier months. This land may be bristling with tall chimneys and other evidences of progress, but it has lost its old stability . . .

"The humus is going, and when it is gone natural life goes. Two powerful agents are destroying the soil: erosion and the loss of fertility due to mining the soil for crops. Soils which have been building steadily for 20,000 years since the last ice age now in a single century lose the benefits of several thousand years of accumulation . . .

"More than 300 million acres—one-sixth of the country—is gone, going or beginning to go. This, we note, is on land originally the most fertile . . ."

This is a part of the picture Stuart Chase paints in his most recent book (*Rich Land, Poor Land*. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co. 361 pages. \$2.50).

* * *

Maps and graphs by Henry Billings. From *Rich Land, Poor Land*

OUR HERO IN 1630

"Of the two billion acres of America in 1630, it is estimated that almost half, or just short of a billion acres, was in forest, thirty-eight percent in strong grasses, eleven percent in the shrubs and vegetation of arid plains, and only two and a half percent in outright desert.

"In place of green foliage and clear water, man has brought to the continent of America stinking rivers, charred forests, the incomparable filth of cities, the whetched shacks of tenant farmers along Tobacco Road."

America, no longer young, must think more of conserving than of exploiting its energies and resources. Settled at a gallop over decades, America had no need to worry about saving trees or soil or oil or coal or rivers or grass when one needed only to move West to find more. Europe, by contrast, was settled with broadaxe and sweat at a snail's pace over centuries. One scholar, E. W. Zimmerman, makes this difference in the tempo of settlement account for the profound

differences between European and American institutions. To Zimmerman, its excess of space has been America's greatest handicap. Now, with even its westernmost forests and lands robbed of their wealth and turned to wasteland and desert, America must realize that its flaming youth is over.

"A lovely vital continent has been outraged and betrayed. But this rape of nature, while heinous, is not a simple crime. Counsel for the defense must have his say. To begin with, 130 million human beings could not possibly exist in America while scrupulously respecting the primeval equilibrium. A million Indians were about the limit . . . One is not disposed to quarrel with the exploitation of any part of nature if it contributes to human welfare. *But one wants to be sure that the exploitation throws no boomerangs.*"

* * *

The greatest, most devastating of nature's boomerangs is the penalty we now are paying for past prosperity at the expense of capital loss. We have used up our resources and nature's bookkeeping shows they have declined more rapidly than man's invention could close the gap. Suddenly awakened by the shouts of ecologists, America realizes that at the present rate of soil erosion our arable lands have less than a century of virile existence. The realization in many instances comes too late. Soil ravished beyond a certain point cannot be restored except by nature's slow processes which are measured in thousands of years. Only in some areas (fortunately large enough to accommodate the needs of an America of a population many times the present size) can the landslide be checked.

Rescue will come not by rugged individualists but only through an enlightened government aware of scientific conservation. America's magnificent forests, widespread grasslands, clear-flowing rivers, deep-pocketed treasures of coal and oil, fell before an economic system which had no philosophy of conserving natural wealth, but only thought to make private, momentary fortune. Despite the good sense the theory of laissez-faire may have made on paper, under the concept of the infinity of resources, it worked disaster.

When a lumber baron ravishes a forest, he wrecks not only the forest itself, but by taking away the natural reservoir which every sloping tract of woodland is, he robs the farmer below of his water and of protection from flood. Three-quarters of the American forest is not only a vital element in land and farm protection, but is an asset to every hydro-electric company, irrigation company and city man.

* * *

Specific examples abound to prove the inter-relation and interdependence of man on insects, farmers on foresters, airplanes on oil. The preservation of areas from one part of the country is essential to the well-being of people who inhabit the

opposite side of the continent.

The natural boundaries of a drainage basin or, the whole system of interlacing watercourses, commonly called watersheds, have more validity than the legal boundaries set up between states by men. We should replace homestead thinking with watershed thinking. No longer is it to our advantage to plan only with the plot of land we own in mind, but we must think of it as dependent upon the well being of the whole basin in which it lies.

The story of one actual basin, the Central Valley of California, is a concrete example. This valley produces more than 50 per cent of many of the things the nation eats. It is one of the most productive and important agricultural districts in the world. But in the valley water is scarce and its value high. When settlers first came, they obtained water by diverting the rivers through irrigation ditches, until the sources began to run low. Underground water was then pumped from the great artesian basins laid down by mountain snows.

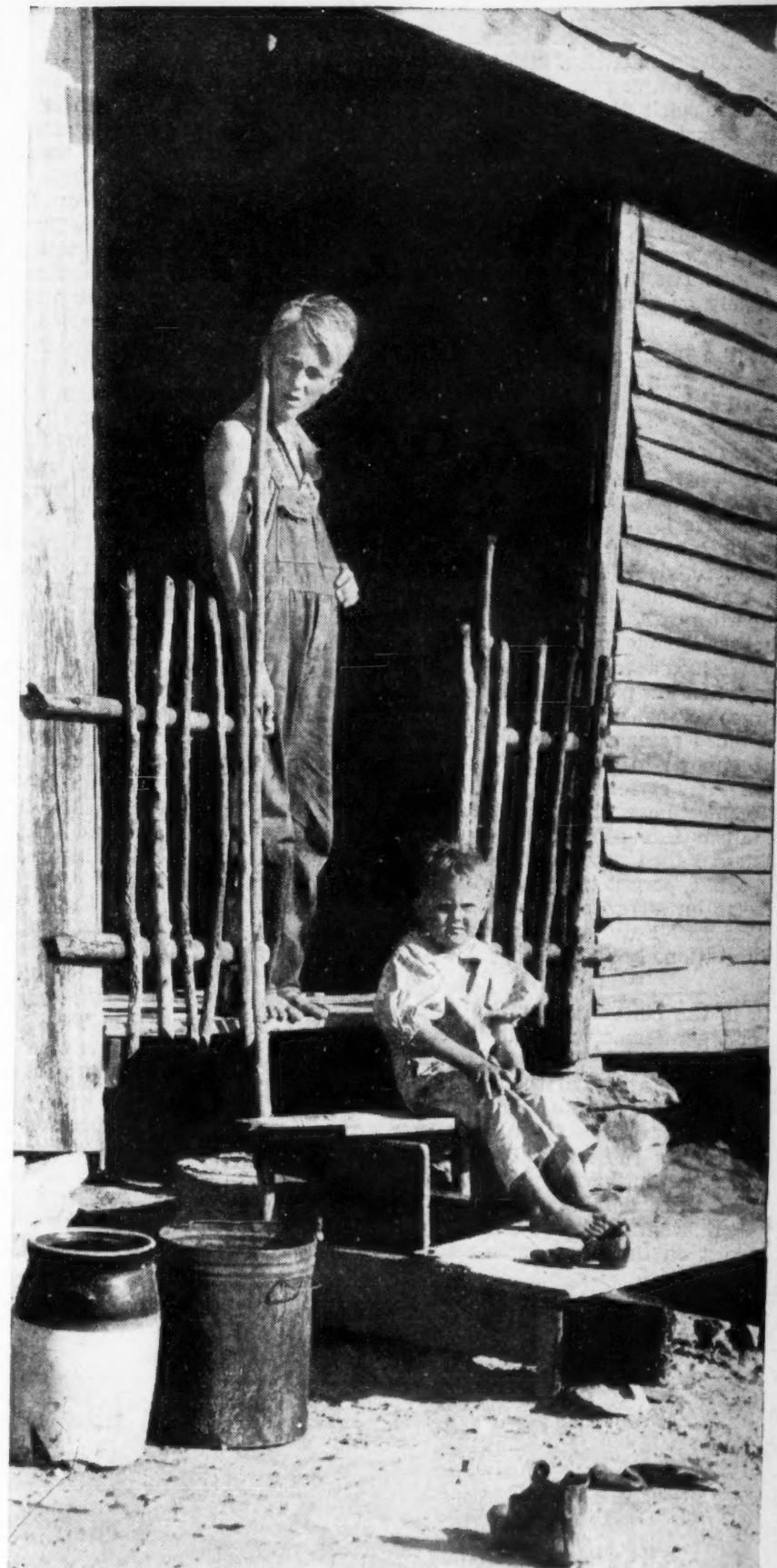
The richest soil of all is the delta, once 400,000 acres of black muck, now reclaimed by large and costly projects. But the reclamation has caused the land to settle until now much of it is below sea level. Thus, water from the Pacific creeps into the irrigation channels. This harmful salt water can be held back only by the pressure of fresh water from above. Without the swamps which used to catch the melting snows, spring floods race through clean-cut channels to the sea. But in other times of the year the Pacific comes in and poisons the land.

What is the valley going to do? No individual farmer can solve the problem alone. Erosion must be stopped on the slopes of the Sierras by checking over-grazing and bringing the forests back. Reservoirs must be built and cheap power must be provided to pump water where it is needed. Engineers can solve the problem, but will the people of the valley adjust their property institutions and their ways of living to the collective effort which will be necessary? It is a matter of life and death!

* * *

Modern industrial society is based on sub-surface materials, on coal, oil, copper, tin. We shall be concerned about mineral supply and its possible exhaustion for many years to come. America has built its skyscrapers, its great industrial plants, its railroads and its automobiles by taking more out of the continent than was put back. Lumber tycoons, great mining and oil families have been defended on the grounds that they were hard and merciless men, that they built up the country. What they really did was to tear the continent down.

It is a common belief of pacifists that if the peoples of the world had enough intelligence to form a world raw-material control, many of the reasons for war would evaporate and concern for more colonies and raw materials would lessen. Brooks Emeny enumerates nineteen miner-



Charles Krutch

THEIR FUTURE IS ONE WITH THE FUTURE OF THE LAND AND WATER

A major problem facing the New Deal, or any administration which might supplant it, is that of caring for the people now living in submarginal and blighted areas. The New Deal has been at work on three policies:

1. Move people out of submarginal and blighted areas and replant them in communities which have a resource base or other exchange medium. This demands a drastic and a psychologically dangerous experiment in planned migration on a vast scale.

2. Let the people stay and maintain them on the dole, their only function being that of consumers. This is technologically possible—indeed, is being carried on to the tune of some millions of individual cases at the present time—but is fantastic from

the human point of view. It means maintaining one-quarter of the nation, more or less, as a huge charitable asylum.

3. Reconstruct the resource base of those communities where reconstruction is possible. Where it is flatly impossible, planned migration will have to be resorted to. Reconstruction means building up the soil, restoring the forest and grass cover, checking erosion, reconditioning the fisheries, taming the rivers, encouraging wild life and recreation areas, supplying cheap energy, establishing a certain number of new local industries . . . maintaining a large program of public works, particularly in the field of conservation, to provide local cash income . . . The TVA is definitely planned on the lines of the last proposition."

als and three agricultural products which are of paramount importance in war. The maldistribution of these, people are coming to believe, explains the spirit of aggression today.

The common idea of world peace being promoted if sated nations should divide up raw materials with hungry nations, is a fallacious conception. Nations, except Russia, do not sell raw materials. Business men sell them. The United States has no monopoly on bauxite; Andrew Mellon has it.

Yet the fundamental resources of a country cannot be, if they are to be used and conserved for the benefit of that country, exploited by business men. The rules of private enterprise work contrary to the welfare of a people. In the past era of competitive logging and devastating fires, a lumber man who adopted permanent-yield forestry would have lost his markets to less scrupulous competitors. As a class, farmers abhor soil depletion, but, as Secretary Wallace asks "what choice have they, when low prices and high fixed charges compel them to put in more and more acreage in order to produce enough to meet taxes and interest?" In eastern Texas the "hot-oil" gentry have turned rugged individualism into something ugly and reckless. Faked valves and false-bottom tanks, permit these opportunists to seize unwarranted wealth at the cost of an oil and gas waste beyond computation.

* * *

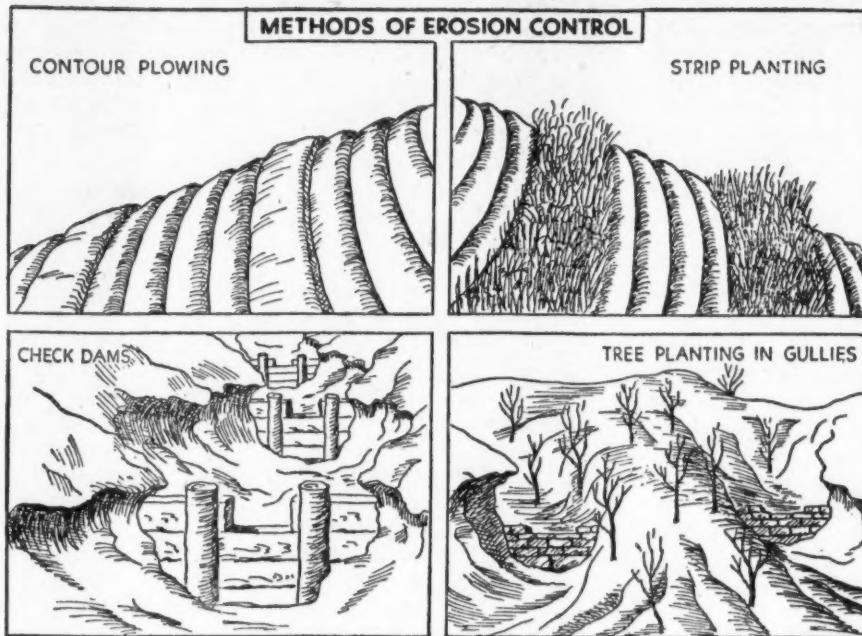
It is the contention of the prosperous gentlemen who sit in club windows that resource planning involves a dictator. On the contrary, it involves democratic co-operation. The conflict is one between the present and the future. As L. C. Gray says, "The primary problem expressed in economic language is the determination of the proper rate of discount on the future with respect

to utilization of natural resources. Passive deposits (iron, coal, gold) present a different problem from those of nature's active assets (water, grass). The passive assets can only be protected, the rate of exhaustion limited to a point where new technological substitutes offset decline. Water, on the other hand, can be used over and over again. The Tennessee Valley Authority is putting water to work in the first comprehensive program of planning with nature ever attempted in America.

The excuse made to the Supreme Court for the planning is that the Authority facilitates navigation, but "navigation" revolves in a cycle that includes almost all phases of life. One thing calls for another until the Authority's powers touch practically every realm of the valley's activities.

"Dependable navigation calls for flood control; flood control calls for dams and reservoirs; reservoirs must not fill with silt or their function vanishes. Hales Bar Dam in the big river has become thirty-three percent silted in twenty-three years. Silt, as we have seen, can be prevented only by the control of erosion on agricultural lands and little waters. Erosion control calls for cover crops, both forest and grass, and scientific methods in tillage and crop rotation. Cover crops call for cheap fertilizer, otherwise they will not take root on the exhausted soils. Cheap fertilizer, especially phosphate, which is the major requirement in the valley, can best be made with the help of electric furnaces and cheap power. So the cycle completes itself, a house-that-Jack-built . . .

"Nor does it stop here. Large reservoirs demand the removal of many houses, which calls for an intelligent resettlement program. They demand an extensive replanning of railways, highways, schools and re-



"The technique of controlling erosion is still being worked out. . . . Local conditions dictate the remedy to be employed, but broadly speaking there are seven chief methods.

"Return of natural cover. Steep slopes to be taken out of crops forever and planted with trees; less steep slopes to be planted to grass and held permanently as pasture.

"Rotation of crops. Instead of planting corn every year, a given field will be sowed to corn the first year, to a grain crop the second year, to clover the third and back to corn the fourth. The clover fixes nitrogen and is plowed to enrich the soil.

"Terracing. This consists of scooping broad embankments along the contour lines of a tilled field to catch the rain water. The terraces are some rods apart and are connected by a down channel, preferably cemented or stone lined, to carry off surplus water without harm.

"Contour plowing. This gives the effect of many little parallel terraces and is a less expensive job.

"Strip cropping. Leaving broad strips of grass or non-till crops along the contour lines between the plowed land. These act as field-wide dams.

"Check dams. These are for building up gullies, but must be applied before the gashes have worn too deep. They may be of concrete, lumber or just plain trash. The runaway soil settles in back of each small dam and in due time, if all goes well, the gully fills in.

"Gully planting. Advanced practice is now using check dams less and hardy, creeping, fast-growing vegetation more. This is cheaper, as it passes the job back to nature, and on the whole is more effective. It is biological control rather than mechanical. The shrub masses spread a tangled cover over the wounded earth, hold the water and begin to rebuild the soil."

reation areas. The forest cover which is to check erosion calls for permanent management and many jobs for fire patrollers and forest workers. Large reservoirs often produce trillions of mosquitoes and in these latitudes mosquitoes spread malaria. Malaria calls for a medical-engineering control as rigorous as the methods of Colonel Gorgas when the Panama Canal was built. Malaria is less lethal than yellow fever, but it is at least as hard to eradicate. Water control ties in with fish and wildlife preservation, with purification of streams polluted by city sewers and industrial wastes . . .

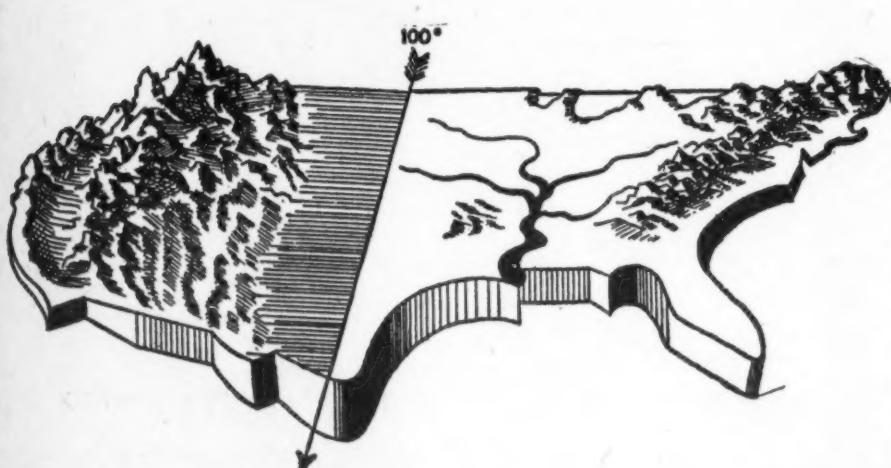
"We start with navigation and end with a comprehensive program of regional planning. As a matter of fact—and I trust the Supreme Court is safely asleep as I whisper it—navigation is probably the least important aspect of the cycle, from the point of view of the well-being of the people of the valley.

"Whenever possible, the TVA works through local groups which are already organized and functioning. If none exists, the TVA starts them. To obtain rural electric-power lines, farmers must first form a local co-operative. When approached, a given county may be on the defensive. So the TVA agents call a meeting and simply tell the story of what rural electrification means, what it

costs and what its benefits are. Then they pack their charts and prepare to leave, remarking as they take their hats that this particular county is a difficult one to service. The meeting, they point out, was called to get the general news before the farmers. Some day, perhaps, if all goes well, a line might be arranged, but hardly now. From defensive the audience turns to offensive. Why not now? What's the matter with this county? Why can't we have what other counties have? Mister, where are those blanks? We'll have a full list of names for you tomorrow, no, tonight, and we'll sign up that 662 kilowatts per mile. What do you mean, we can't have TVA power now? And the co-operative is enthusiastically launched under its own steam, with full local responsibility."

Thus, the TVA may some day be called the Great Transition. The hopes of this valley represent what America will some day be. These ideas run along the lines of planning in Sweden and Norway. Likewise, one suspects that if any already conceived social philosophy is the model of President Roosevelt, that which has been formulated in Sweden probably approaches nearest the mark.

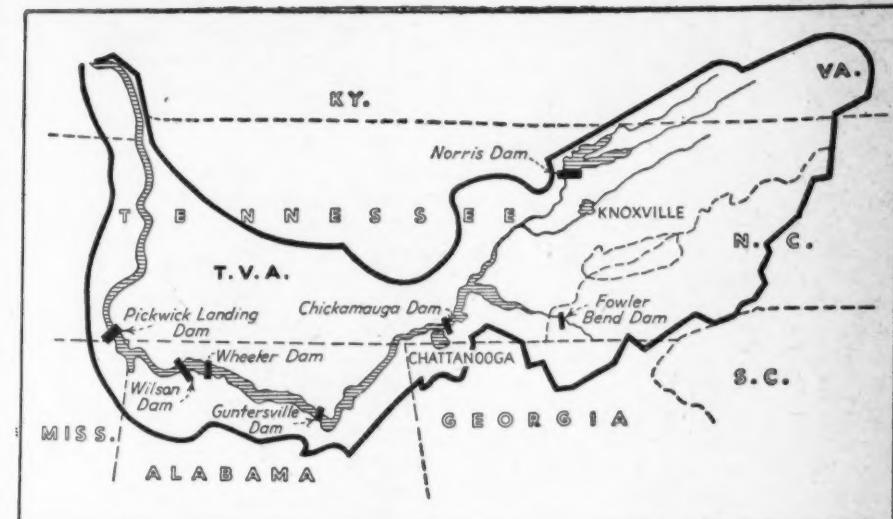
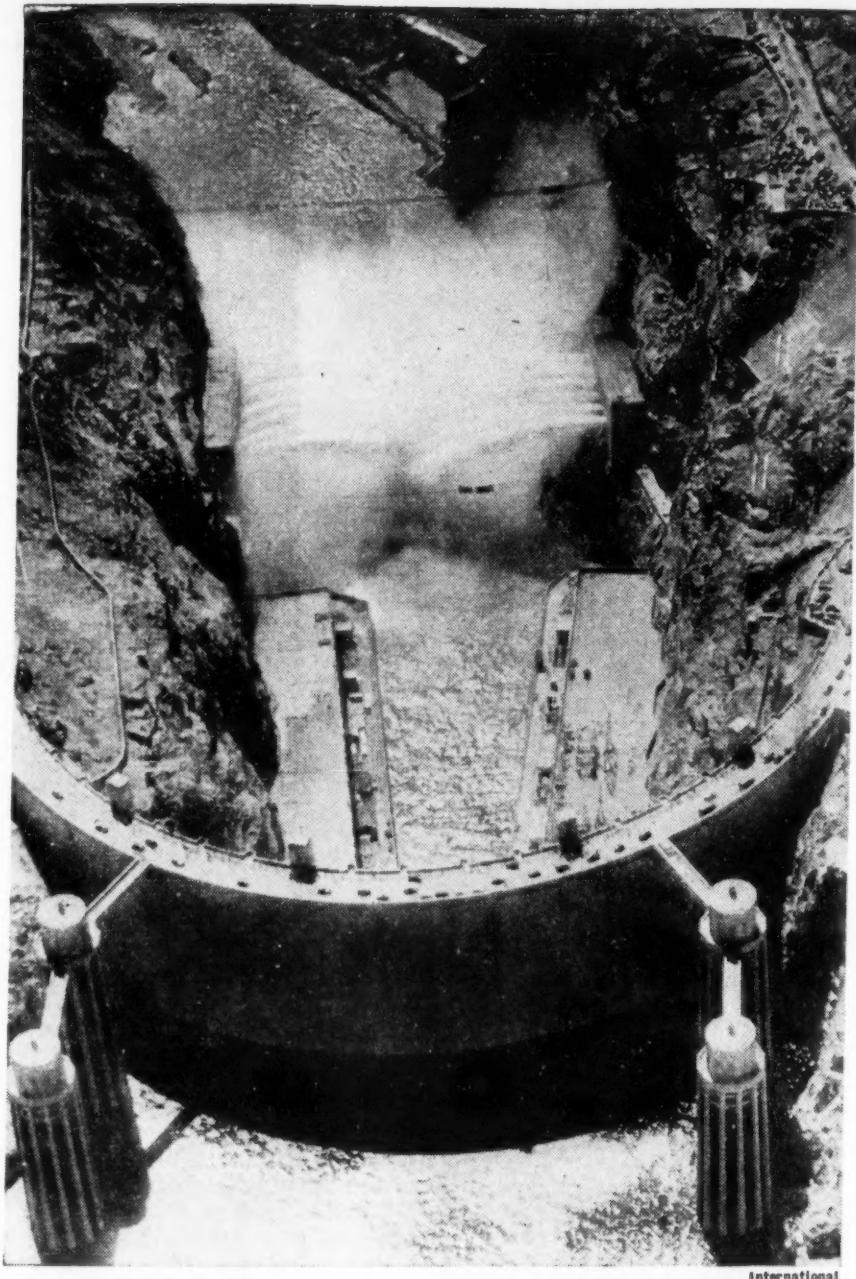
Conservation certainly is new to America. The word was first put into



AMERICA'S SPLIT PERSONALITY

"One general division of America can be made around the 100th meridian. Problems on one side of the meridian differ from those on the other. "The water problems of the eastern half revolve around floods, navigation, erosion, water excess. The problems of the western half—save in coastal Oregon, which has the highest rainfall on record—revolve around the questions of drought, dust storms, water deficit and shortage. Irrigation projects in the east are few, in the west many. The east was once a land primarily of forest, the west one of grass. The Appalachians being low, old mountains, do

not impede the moisture-bearing winds from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. . . . Winds from the Pacific, however, lose their moisture on the high coastal ranges and the Rockies. . . . East of the 100th meridian the ruling principle has been to throw water out; west of the line the aim has been to coax it in. In the east we find large drainage projects to rid swamps and marshes of water. In the west are large irrigation projects to flood arid lands and make them produce. . . . West of the 100th meridian, agriculture either takes the gamble of dry-farming the Great Plains or goes in for irrigation."



TENNESSEE VALLEY

"The TVA is not an isolated experiment, but is yoked with large projects in silviculture and recreation which preceded it. Headwater strategy may be practiced under the best of circumstances. . . . The elevation descends from 6,000 to 250 feet, giving a climate which ranges from

that of the Great Lakes to subtropical. The rainfall is heavy, varying from 50 to 80 inches. The valley can grow anything which now grows between Canada and the Gulf. It is the perfect laboratory for an experiment in regional planning."

Communities will gradually become permanent and more compact. Restless migration will give way to settled areas, where homes may go on for generations. A good norm for rural communities is 10,000 people living within easy driving distance of a market center. This gives opportunity for adequate schools, roads, stores, entertainment and other community services.

"There will be fewer heavily industrialized centers and more local

industry. The west and south will manufacture a larger fraction of the goods they consume. No community will be self-sufficient, but all communities will become more nearly self-supporting than at present, less vulnerable to financial somersaults in Chicago and New York. One-industry towns, like one-crop farms, will tend to disappear. Cities will shrink in size. Slums will become as great an anachronism as human slavery. Automatic mills and fac-

EMANCIPATOR

It seems almost inevitable that America will have cheap power. The protection of its rivers and its lands demands dams like Boulder Dam above. Cheap power will mean increased consumption of refrigerators and washing machines, more lighting, possible new industries, electrification of railroads, great irrigation pumps, heating

of offices and homes with off-peak load, discovery of new electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical processes and rural electrification that will at least equal that of Norway, for example, where a higher percentage of pig pens is lighted electrically than American farmhouses.

the American dictionary by Theodore Roosevelt, but no administration until the present ever thought to make it its foremost task. Secretary Ickes even proposes that the name of the Department of the Interior be changed to the Department of Conservation. The reason that the problems of the depression have made extensive conservation not only opportune but vitally necessary. To bring the continent back to par within the next ten or twenty years' time would employ all the present idle plus all future additions to their ranks from technological causes.

There is no other solution for unemployment in a maturing economy such as ours. Only by putting surplus factory labor and surplus farmers to work reclaiming resources, producing tangible wealth in public works and services and so gradually building a demand which will stimu-

late the output of remaining farmers and factory workers, can the vicious circle of unemployment be broken. The design of the America of the future if the trends of the past continue has been vividly etched by nature in the great ravines of erosion that have scarred the country, in polluted waters that endanger the health and the life of men and fish, in the skinless prairies, the charred forests and emptied petroleum basins, in tenancy and unemployment.

But here is what America will look like if it is decided to reverse these trends of the past and follow the lines drawn by the TVA: "In place of dying cut-over lands, great living wilderness areas will be preserved for those who would rather walk and paddle than drive a car . . . Submarginal areas will be deserted save for their resource guardians.



DUST STORMS

"Dust is charged with electricity. It has been known to explode grain elevators. It strangles men and animals with dust pneumonia. It is a black menace to the aviation industry. Storms are now measured in terms of visibility. On good days one can see perhaps a mile, on poor days

one block. Children are lost in these storms as in winter blizzards. Dust is more terrible than flood, a slow, pervasive horror. In late February of 1936 red snow fell in New England. It meant that the Dust Bowl was stirring again."



International

RICH LAND: where even farmers grow fat

tories will be the general rule, for the continent will be drenched with power—even as Steinmetz foresaw. There will be a tremendous decline in smoke, dirt and noise. In spite of autogiros, life will be more leisurely; and because of them, roads will be less dangerous and congested.

"Buffalo grass will be waving again over most of the Great Plains, supporting a supportable load of cattle and sheep. Vegetation will lay the sands of the Dust Bowl. There will be water in the potholes and the flyways will be alive with birds. Trout will leap in a thousand streams. The north woods will be full of moose, deer and bear. Destructive floods will be a rarity, droughts far less calamitous. Water will run clear and sweet to the sea. Old Man River will get off his artificial stilts and sink to his once-comfortable bed. A hundred great reservoirs will sparkle in the river basins, holding the floods, producing cheap power, providing boating, bathing, camping and fishing. Look again at the plans for Norris Forest. Crop lands will probably decline, with some giant mechanized farms where technical and natural condi-

tions warrant and many prosperous small holdings operated by their owners, well supplied with power, little reservoirs and supplementary irrigation. The Central Valley of California, artesian basins full, will be prepared to furnish apples, grapes and onions to perpetuity. American Indians, their broad forests and grazing lands protected to perpetuity, will at last find peace in the ways of their fathers.

"Occupations will probably fall into five major classes:

Full-time work in industry or commerce.

Full-time farming.

Full-time work in resource maintenance or other public service.

Part-time work for money in forestry, soil building, conservation, local seasonal industries (like canning), combined with food growing in home gardens and some home craftsmanship. Professional work as heretofore, with large increases in personnel, and far more demand for

research, planning and expert public administration.

"Service trades will expand, especially in the fields of education, recreation and culture. During the period of reconstruction, hours of work will remain much as they average today. After the resource base has been re-established, hours will decline. Unemployment will become as rare as in colonial New England. The town dump will smoulder no longer, water fronts will be clean and welcoming, gas tanks will have been melted down for scrap, and from the Bay of Fundy to the mighty bridge at the Golden Gate no billboard will dare to raise its head . . .

"Utopia? Wish fulfillment? The picture would fulfill perhaps my dearest personal wish, and that of thousands of others. Are the desires of citizens never to register in this democracy? They have registered in Sweden, as you can see by using your eyes rather than your prejudices.

"But the picture is far more than a personal desire. It is the logical end of work already begun. It is the only way to reconcile the two

great realities which affect our lives. It is the pattern for working with nature while accepting the great gifts of the power age."

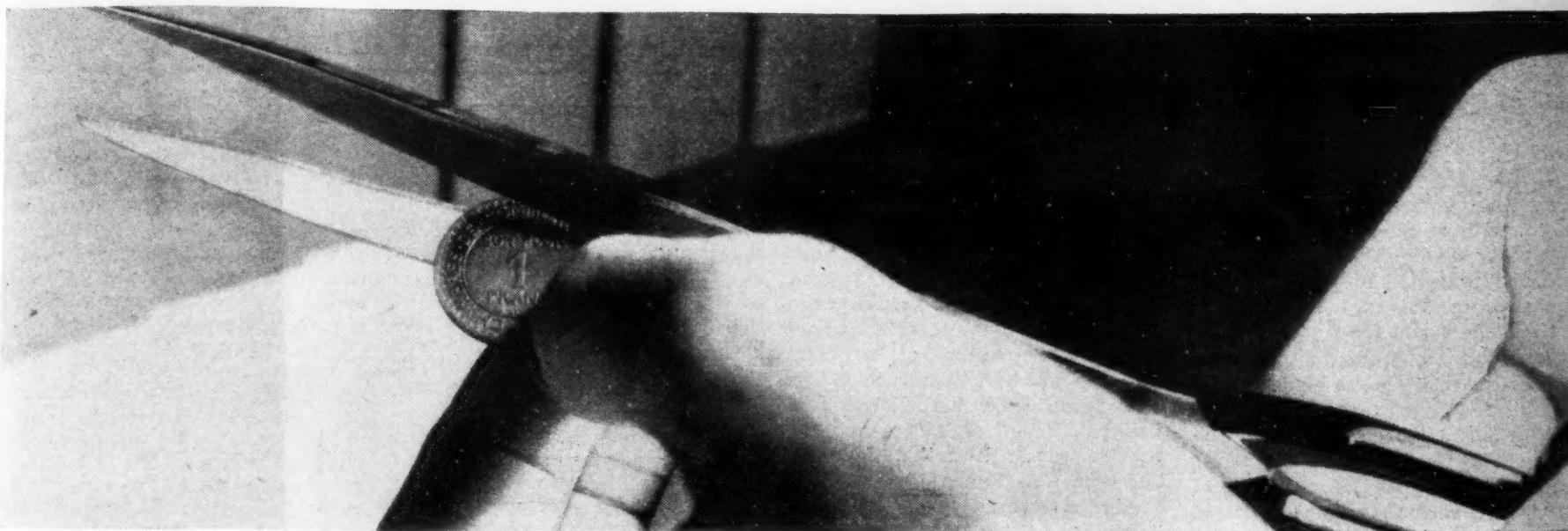
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So sounds the concluding note of what is probably the year's most sympathetic, searchingly accurate, report on New Deal activities and aspirations. Although Mr. Chase's work (and probably the contributed work of numerous New Deal agencies and leg men) has to do essentially with the temper of the land itself and the outlook for its perpetuation, economist-accountant-reporter Chase, has interpreted the social philosophy of the Roosevelt administration. Either Chase has had unique access to administration aspiration, or that very astute popularist has made some remarkable guesses. The President's recent speeches dealing with power, dams, drought, land conservation, etc., profound almost thought for thought with what Stuart Chase has to say. Richland, Poorland deserves to be read by every American who doesn't want his homeland literally blown or washed out from under him.



Charles Krutch

POOR LAND: trod by the tattered shoes of the sharecropper



Because Socialist hands clip a bloated franc—

France Clips Her Franc

ONE of the devices indulged in by hard pressed monarchs up until a few centuries ago was coin clipping. When the king needed money for a new war or a new mistress and taxes were already dangerously high, he ordered his agents to shave bits of metal from all the coins that came into their hands, and from the bits so gathered mint new coins for the king's use. The operation was a sort of primitive capital levy on coined money. Naturally, the old clipped coins fell in value for they no longer contained their full weight in gold or silver.

Devaluation is the modern equivalent of coin clipping. Its uses are varied. Governments overloaded with debt devalue in order to pay off in "clipped" coins. Debtor interests, especially farmers, frequently agitate for devaluation so they can pay off their debts in clipped coins. In hard times exporters are strong for devaluation.

The fall of the franc, with the Swiss, Dutch and Belgian currencies in its train, means that all the world's coins have been clipped one way or another during this depression—except the Soviet ruble which is on a gold standard—for external use—as respectable as a banker's silk hat.

Poincaré, the conservative, devalued the franc in 1928 to cut the huge debt burden left by the war—his devaluation was a huge capital levy on French bondholders. Blum, the Socialist, has devalued the franc—to help French business men. French workers of all shades joined forces last May in a Popular Front to elect an anti-Fascist workers' government with Blum as Premier. Since they had a workers' government, French workers felt their victory should be translated into francs and sous in their pay envelopes. The result was a series of sit-down strikes. A workers' government dared not use troops to dislodge them. Wages were in-

creased. Devaluation will now make it possible for hard-pressed employers to pay these higher wages—in clipped coins.

A devalued franc—it has been cut almost a third—will make it possible to buy almost a third more francs with the pound or the dollar. This will make it that much cheaper for Americans and Englishmen to live and travel in France. Tourist receipts, which bulk large in the French national economy, have fallen off badly in recent years. Americans alone spent \$300,000,000 a year in France during good times but tourist receipts fell last year to only \$82,000,000. Devaluation will also make it much cheaper for foreign nations to buy French goods, and should reverse the drastic decline in French exports which has piled up an adverse trade balance of more than 25 billion francs during the past four years. It will also mean a cut of close to one-third in the real weight of France's 350 billion franc national debt and the interest charges on it paid by the Socialist government.

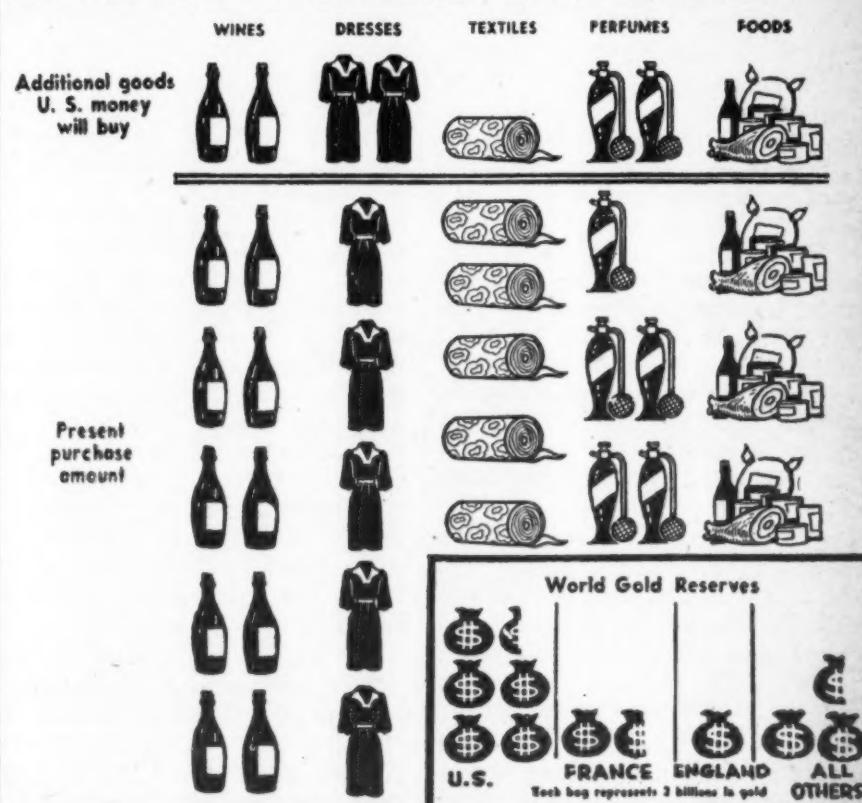
French devaluation also paves the way for world agreement on currency stabilization to end cutthroat competition in coin clipping, with each nation trying to outclip the other so that foreigners can buy goods more cheaply in its currency than in that of other nations.

Byproduct: French devaluation may have a bad effect on the internal economy of Germany which has managed by a series of juggling acts to devalue and not to devalue at one and the same time. Even Dr. Schacht's magic may not be able to prevent a direct cut in the gold content of the mark. The effect of such a cut and the resultant increase in the cost of living in Germany will be to increase the discontent of the worker and the small business man with Fascist regimes that have reduced wages and living standards—and gagged protest in the process.



French businessmen are able to pay the higher wages
French workers won by striking sitting down—

ADDITIONAL GOODS U. S. MONEY WILL BUY UNDER NEW FRANC REVALUATION



And Americans get more for their money—

Baltimore is Proud of Wallis Simpson

(Continued from page 5)

one, then two and even at three A. M. with as much gusto as when the party started. By four A. M. she usually had a jolly idea about everybody going out and stealing the milkman's wagon for a joy-ride.

With her well-trained aptitude for protective coloring she made herself superlatively efficient at all the things naval officers' wives do. She learned to play an uncannily clever game of bridge and played a lot of it. She developed a tight game of golf. She danced magnificently. And, of course, always and always, she wore clothes that made the mouths water of all the women who saw her. These accomplishments gave her the reputation of being very intelligent. She could mix a good cocktail but of course knew nothing about hash or which end of a needle you put the thread through.

Her taste for social life was what led to her divorce from Spencer. Being a navy officer he was prepared for a certain amount of entertaining and dining out. But also he happened to like his job and his life. And late drinking parties threatened to interfere with both, his job being that of an aviator. He didn't like going up too often and flying in close formation with a hand shaky from one of Wallis' parties the night before. So Wallis took up a residence in Warrenton, Va., in 1927 and the following year was given a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and desertion.

At Warrenton Wallis had met a congenial couple who liked racketing around as much as she did. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Jr. He was the son of a wealthy shipping agent, with offices in New York and Boston, was three years younger than Wallis. He had left Harvard in his junior year to go to the war—characteristically preferring to join England's distinguished Coldstream Guards regiment than enlist in the less "smart" American forces. He obtained a second lieutenancy in this unit after six months for his loyal service to the King. She had been married before to a man named Dechert, had a daughter by him, and also a daughter by Simpson. The Simpsons asked Wallis to visit them in New York.

It is not known whether Wallis carelessly broke the Simpsons up. But it is true that shortly after her visit the Simpsons did become divorced and less than a year later, in July 1929, Simpson and Wallis were married in London.

In London Wallis and Simpson had a pleasant flat in Bryanston square and they had a good time. They naturally gravitated to a smart bo-

hemian circle. "Witty" American women like Wallis were at a premium. One of her counterparts over there was the former Thelma Morgan, Lady Furness, a sister of the Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, whose suit over the custody of her child made so much noise not long ago. Lady Furness was a close friend of the then Prince of Wales—so close, the gossip ran, that the friendship had occasioned her divorce from Lord Furness. In any case, Lady Furness told the Prince of Wales that she wanted to bring some friends with her on a week end visit to Fort Velvedere. The Prince asked her who they were. She assured him that they were nice Americans, and "terribly good fun."

The Prince must have thought so too, as after meeting Mr. and Mrs. Simpson he continued to see a good deal of them, and stopped seeing—more, stopped talking to—Lady Furness. That was three years ago. Soon after, Mrs. Simpson was presented at court—in a borrowed gown for the occasion. In the summer of 1934 their presence together began to be noted. Simpson was along, and so was Aunt Bessie Merryman of Washington, as chaperon, Mrs. O'Malley Keyes of New York, and other Americans. The Prince liked to dance, and Wallis knew every variation, tangoes, fox-trots, cariocas, waltzes, rumbas.

Now Wallis goes about Europe and all over England with the Prince and his royal parties without Mr. Simpson and without Aunt Bessie Merryman. She is almost forty-one, but she doesn't look more than thirty-four. Besides, the King is forty-two, don't forget. She screams her brash remarks now in a voice with every month a little less of Baltimore in it and a little more of London. Her clothes are still eye-openers and she will talk about them to you by the hour. In fact there is not much else she will talk about, except golf, new cocktail mixtures, and the swing orchestra she danced to the other night.

In 1775 one of Wallis' ancestors, a Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield, went about the town of Elkton, Md., with a label in his hat bearing a prolix version of Patrick Henry's demand—"Liberty and Independence or Death in the Pursuit of It." Charles Carroll, father of the signer of the Declaration, came to the young patriot's father and protested.

"My God, Mr. Warfield," he said, "What does your son Charles mean? He has committed treason against the king. The king is a traitor to us." A span of 160 years passed and a descendant is now the good friend of an English king.

For Radio Fans Only...

CHEERIO is a curiosity in radio. He is temperamental and intensely sincere. He is jealously proud of the technical excellence of his programs, yet he refuses to take money for them. He has the self-love of all showmen, yet, whatever his manner in the drawingroom, he has remained anonymous for ten years on the radio. Most recently he signed up to direct and produce a weekly commercial show, new since Sept. 29, but this is also peculiarly Cheerio. His sponsors are the makers of Sono-tone a hearing device and Cheerio feels he is carrying out his "mission" in helping sell aids to the deaf. The show, his first commercial, goes out Tuesday afternoons from 4:00 to 4:15 E.S.T. on NBC's red network. It's a kind of offshoot of the Cheerio morning show. He will recite poetry to a musical background in what he calls "musical mosaics." Breaking a rule, Cheerio is taking money, as Cheerio, for the work.

Cheerio, of course, remains as anonymous as ever. He decided on anonymity when he started to broadcast and since then Cheerio, the person, has long since been swallowed by Cheerio, the disembodied voice. This personality, cloyed by none of the weaknesses of human flesh, drives on by itself with an almost Messianic fervor. The Cheerio objective is never properly defined, but he is interested in the aged, the sick, the maimed. He answers no problems but he insists that these

people with only half a life to live enjoy the little allotted them.

Back in the rehearsal studios of CBS are the Zenatellos—Giovanni and fat, bustling little Maria who come like the robins in the Spring as harbingers of Nino Martini. The slim, trim tenor of the Met, the movies and the radio has lived with the voice-teaching Zenatello ever since they discovered him in Verona and convinced him he could be great. And great they have made him in the three fields of American entertainment. This year he will sing again at the Metropolitan. His new picture, *The Gay Desperado*, is now being released throughout the country. And he has just come back to the air to appear every Wednesday at 9:00 p.m. E.S.T. on CBS.

But Martini, for all his fame, has in no wise ceased to be a Zenatello product. He always lives with them in a Central Park apartment. They enforce his rigid regimen of diet, exercise and riding in the Park. They give him his food, a good part of which is spaghetti, since they never heard of a singer who could retain his voice on anything else. For all the youthful brilliance of his presence, Martini is a hard, methodical worker. He has never been married. He adheres closely to the schedule he followed when he was a young, almost unknown, singer at the Met, fresh from Italy.

D. A. MUNRO



"Father is a judge—that's the only way he can sleep!"

Flash - - Fashions

By CONNIE DE PINNA



The gay and happy mood of these Tyrolean peasants is reflected in their costumes which are having a tremendous fashion influence, the hats and the little girl's blouse particularly

CLOTHES are grand and glorious this year and we're all going to have fun and feel luxurious wearing them. Night life will be more glamorous for the shimmering metal lamés, deep, soft velvets and opulent furs of this new season. By day, life gains a new fillip introduced by the swish of fuller, shorter skirts and devastating color contrasts. Drama is everywhere—exaggerated shoulders—tiny waists, and new glimpses of ankles after dark.

The smooth and darkly glowing surface of black Broadcloth has usurped first place in fabrics for day clothes.

Circular skirts, skirts with gathered fullness at the back—thirteen and even fourteen inches from the floor.

Old fashioned jet buttons—silver Tyrolean buttons—zippers on everything—used in self colors for necessity and bright colors as decorations.

The Princess line is definitely in to stay for a whole season at least. The beltless silhouette is important.

By day the shoulder accent should be definite but modified, achieved by small darts or a band of trimming.

Necklines are high and often the new bulky look is smart.

High waistlines call for wider belts in softer materials, unlined suede or velvet.

The color chart for night and day is very similar—black, and more black with purple accents. "Danger Red" and a new Royal blue are contrasts reflecting the European situation. Aubergine and all the new wine shades—smoky greys—and a new leather brown. Cezanne and Van Gogh coloring are evident in the

The casual swagger grey lamb coat has become an annual favorite, perfect for town or country. The raglan cut and finger tip length, lends itself to the activities of a varied and busy life



new purple tinged blues being worn with jade green. The rust tweed skirts and mustard wool sweaters are frank avowals of these artists' influence.

For evening, skirts just touch the floor for the very formal gown. Often a small train effect is evident at the back, cut in one with the skirt.

Dinner clothes are more important than ever, often above the ankle in the fuller skirts. In the slim-fitting skirts which reach to the instep, slashes are evident to the knee.

Tailored jackets and skirts for dining or theatre are news. In lamé and wool combinations.

Hats are high. Nail polish is deep and glowing to match new, dark lipstick tones. Bracelets are often in tri-color stones. And wear feathers in your hair to stress the Regency and Directoire influence at night.

Warm hands are insured by muffs that form part of fur trimmings on so many new winter coats. A nutria muff buttons onto the collar of a striking Schiaparelli sports coat in "Danger Red" tweed. The lofty fur checcchia gives a Tunisian slant



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Took the N.I.A. course at eighteen. Today at twenty-two am Assistant Eastern Advertising Manager of *The Billboard*, and editor of *Ad-vents*, monthly newspaper of the Association of Advertising Men of New York. Have just sold a story to *Famous Detective Cases* for \$1.25. So as an ad man and author permit me to say: If you want to write ad copy or fiction try N.I.A."

Joseph G. Csida, Jr.
3063 Williamsbridge Rd.
Bronx, N. Y.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep

(Continued from page 37)

"I wouldn't lie to you, Flaubert," I said; and added in a flattering tone, "You know that."

"Yes," he said, his eyes saddening. "I know it . . . It was Weiner. All the time in the jungle I could see he was going to kill me. And maybe Dunning was too. Oh, they didn't want me along with them. They said, You're crazy, Flaubert, get the hell out of here.—They kept saying that when all the time they knew I wasn't crazy at all."

I stared at him. "Did you say Dunning was dead?"

"I'm not crazy," he said. "I'm not crazy at all, am I, Doctor?"

"No, I said. "What about Dunning?"

"He's dead," Flaubert's eyes blazed. "Weiner killed him!"

"How do you know; did you see it?"

"This morning," he said, pulling down his brows, "I saw him there cold and stiff lying on his back. I said to Weiner, 'I'll tell on you, I'll tell about this, you murderer. You'll murder me soon if I don't. You're a murderer.' And he said, 'I ought to murder you, by God. I'd be doing the world a favor getting it rid of a lunatic like you, damn you. Get away from me.' Then I ran away from him and I ran all day . . . I'm so tired. Poor Rudolph, he's so tired. Poor, poor Rudolph . . ."

I patted his head. "Poor Rudolph, your head is so hot—"

He flared up like a match. "It's not not! It's not hot at all! You can't say I'm crazy, either. I'm as sane as you are!"

I said: "I know you are."

"Then don't pity me. Don't touch me. My head's not hot!" He jerked away, went off a few feet and lay down on the sand, muttering to himself. I watched him anxiously for a while. He finally stretched out and stared up at the stars. His lips moved soundlessly, and at intervals one or two words came out. I heard: ". . . Poor Rudolph!" once more; and just before he dropped off to sleep he cried: ". . . no, Mary, no . . ."

Then the beach was silent again; silent of human talk, that is, for there was always the murmuring surf and the whispers of the trees in the forest behind the beach. And there was Moll's erratic breathing and Telez's healthy snoring and behind it all the silent roar of the black vastness of space which stretched out before us.

7

Once I dreamed I awakened. When I opened my eyes (as I thought) there was Cambreau on the other side of Moll and he smiled at me and said: "Hello!" as though he had never seen me before.

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I said: "Hello," and watched what he was doing.

The moon had vanished and it was very dark but I could see him plainly. That was the odd thing. It bothered me, in my dream, being able to see everything so clearly when it was dark.

Around Cambreau's right arm was coiled a mottled fer-de-lance with its yellow throat raised up and all aglow. The snake had lifted its head toward his face. Its jaws were closed and on the right side of the mouth a thin line of blood trickled down. Cambreau had a piece of his shirt in his free hand. The piece was wet. He reached over and wiped away the blood on the side of the snake's mouth.

I said: "What are you doing?"

"I'm cleaning his mouth," he said. "It's bleeding where he lost that fang."

"Is that the snake that bit Moll?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"For God's sake," I said, "put him down before he bites you too!"

"He won't bite me," Cambreau said.

"Put him down!"

"He won't bite me," he said. "But don't you come near him. If you're afraid of him he'll strike you. He can sense fear. He can sense hate too. Go back to sleep, doctor."

So, in my dream, I went back to sleep.

The next time I opened my eyes I found that I was really awake, and the sun—colored like the meat of a ripe plum—was shooting up in the east.

8

Telez was shaking me and saying: "Levantese usted, levantese usted. Moll is conscious."

I got up and slipped my truss into place. It itched on the hips. The thing had been on continuously for three days now and the heat and sweat had made the leather irritate the flesh. I felt tired and stiff and sore. My legs ached.

Moll was groaning softly. His gray eyes were open. They couldn't focus. The irises were widely dilated and he just stared straight up at the slate sky with its first flush of dawn. His chin seemed to have fallen away from his upper jaw; his mouth was open and dragged down. His lips covered his teeth. He looked like an old old man.

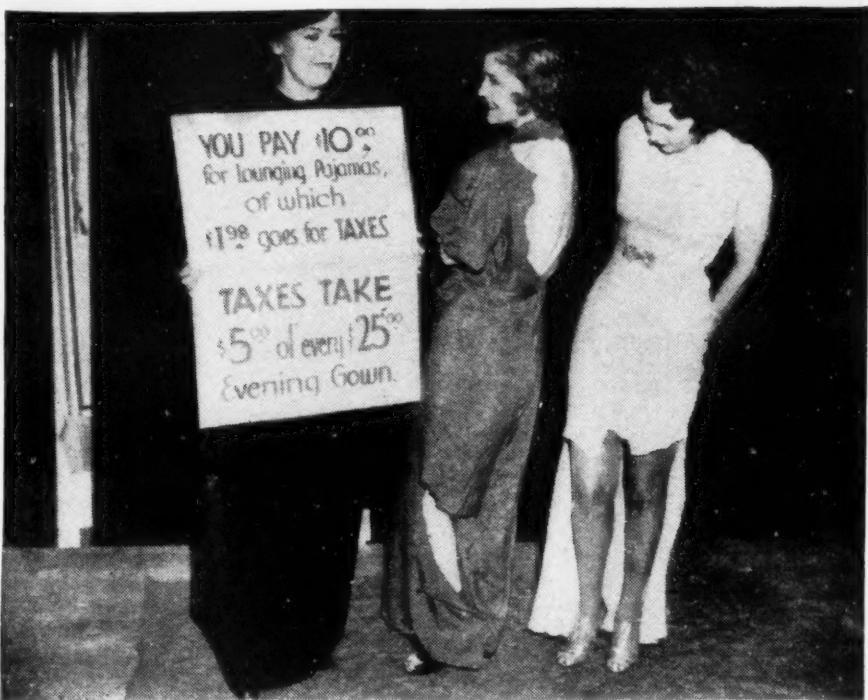
When I was wide awake I stooped down on the sand beside him and felt his pulse. It still was fairly strong, but losing ground. I didn't like the way he breathed. He inhaled with unnatural alacrity and his breaths were shallow, so that they made his chest just twitch instead of fill. There was cyanosis.

Telez was watching interestedly and I said to him: "Tear off a piece of shirt, wet it and bring it to me."

"Si," he said and walked down to the water.

(Continued on page 61)

Fotos to the Editor . . .



Dear Editor:

I think the picture speaks for itself. Can you imagine the guts of people who can afford to pay \$10.00 for lounging pajamas griping because they pay \$1.98 out of that for taxes. Or \$5.00 out of every \$25.00 evening gown? What we should really be concerned about is how much the poor have to pay for taxes out of every eight cent loaf of bread, out of every \$2.00 pair of shoes, out of every \$1.00 gingham dress. Isn't that so?

Emery Hiedt
Cincinnati



Dear Editor:

Have you ever given the park bench any thought? I have because for a long time it was my only home. I can tell you the various shapes and sizes of park benches in thirty-six of the States in this Union.

The park bench is the symbol of freedom, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the man who has little left of either. It is the last resort of lovers, philosophers, debaters, the grieved, the lonely and the fatigued. To me it seems that it is over the park benches in this country that one well can make the last stand for liberty.

A few minutes after this picture was taken the weary and unemployed man on the bench was poked into consciousness and made not to sit up straight, but to keep on moving. If this man were an old dowager snoozing off a big lunch, I'm sure the policeman wouldn't have roused him.

Incidentally, what about the little girls in the foreground? The excuse the policeman gave me is that children and ladies shouldn't be made to see "bums" stretched out like that. But to my mind it seems worse to train these little ones to think that the poor and weary are criminals and must be roughly dealt with by the law.

Charles Seabury
Denver, Colorado.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Dear Editor:

You may think that when a gob comes to port he thinks only of women and drink, but there's something else he likes and that's to get down to earth and snooze there, as you can see by this picture of some of us. Ten feet behind these guys was a "keep off the grass" sign. Now, it seems to me that a port ought to show appreciation to us who would lay down our lives in time of war and at least let us lie down on the grass in time of peace. So I suggest that the mayor, or whoever handles such matters in the ports we call on, take down the "keep off the grass" signs in honor of our visit.

T. C. Berry, U.S.N.
San Francisco, Calif.



Dear Editor:

It is perfectly disgraceful but I don't want you to think me unkind when I say so that people feed pigeons so much when the food could be used by human beings and besides if you feed pigeons they will come again and again to where you feed them each day and the whole neighborhood is made dirty by them and that is why I took this picture of this lady who I think should be reprimanded for what she is doing.

Teresa Peabody
New York City



Dear Editor:

If you look closely you will see two signs to the left, one a traffic light, the other reading "bar." If you're driving west on 23rd Street into Park Avenue, New York, the latter will obscure the former, and chances are that you'll drive smack into a running stream of Park Avenue traffic. Will you please publish this so that something is done about it?

R. I. McKee
New York



Dear Editor:

Here is a picture I snapped of a kid who had bummed a ride on the back of a truck. When I was in my teens I used to do it, too, but now I'm a truck driver and my position is reversed. Since I've seen the question from both ends I feel as though I can authoritatively say that kids who bum rides on trucks should be severely handled . . . and no leniency shown.

Harvey Hale
Philadelphia, Penn.

Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep

(Continued from page 60)

Moll's face was burning.

Presently Telez came back and handed me a piece of his shirt, soaking wet. I folded it without wringing out any of the water and washed Moll's face with it. It took off a surprising amount of sweaty dirt. He seemed to respond to its coldness; his pupils contracted slightly and he tried to turn, raising his left hand weakly and sweeping it toward me. I grasped it and put it back on his body. And then I noticed that his fingers were fluttering as though reaching for something.

That was a bad sign.

I said softly: "Moll . . . Henry, can you hear me?"

He made no indication, but his bloodless lips moved rapidly. They were parched from fever. I leaned over to see if I could hear the words. None came out.

Telez said: "La piedra . . ." He shook his head.

The leg was in poor shape. It had swollen so much it looked unbelievable. I had cut the entire trouser leg up the side, of course—the expansion would have swelled it out and caused constriction under the thigh where the seam ran. The twin X incisions had stopped irrigating. They looked dirty. There was a foul odor from the wounds. The foot and ankle were black, the flesh beginning to wither. The shin and thigh were deep purple.

There was nothing to do.

I looked around. Cambreau was not there. Flaubert was sound asleep, his left cheek and the top of his hairless head were covered with sand. Telez was getting out of his trousers. I asked: "What are you going to do?"

He said: "Me lavo en el oceano."

I watched him and waited for him to take off his shirt so that I could see the wound in his shoulder. He sensed my purpose and didn't take it off. He had narrow hips and thin legs, with thick black hair on them.

I asked: "Where's Cambreau?"

"No sabe," he said. "He was gone when I awoke. I'm going to wash now. I'll be back soon."

"Don't go out too far," I said.

"Leave me alone," he said.

"Don't be so irritable," I said.

He went off without a word and waded into the sea up to his hips, then scrubbed his legs with his hands. While he was there he saw a man coming along the beach from the west. He waved to me and pointed west so that I would look.

It was Weiner, the irascible German, all alone. He was walking quickly, but apparently he was not tiring himself despite the retarding suck of the sand. His arms and face were scratched, and his trousers in ribbons, like Flaubert's. I could see his scratches easily. He came close quickly. I stood up and waved and said: "Hello!"

He didn't wave back or answer until he reached me. Then he plumped down on the sand, panting a little, and regarded Moll with sour indifference.

"What the hell is the matter with him?" he asked, his voice surly.

"He was bitten by a snake," I said. "He's a sick man. It's touch and go with him."

"Serves him damn right," Weiner said. "Making me go through that jungle with a crazy bug like poor Rudolph!"

I said: "That's no thing to say."

"I'm saying it," he said sharply. "You heard me. If you think it's been a picnic with that maniac, you're as crazy as he is. God almighty, you should have heard him! He yelled about poor Rudolph until I thought I'd go nuts! He gave me the creeps all the way."

"Just the same," I said, "it's no thing to say about Moll. I think he's dying."

Weiner shrugged. "That's his hard luck. A man's a damn fool to run that jungle without antivenin, myself included."

I thought of Cambreau: *Antivenin wouldn't save him*.

Weiner said: "I see poor Rudolph got here all right. He would. Look at him like a sleeping beauty. Some day, by God, the sovereign state will execute maniacs like him and rid society of them. When you have people like poor Rudie running around loose, free to breed, you can count on a bunch of imbeciles and morons and idiots and God knows what in your next generation. You've got to stop it by killing them. It's damn nonsense sticking them in asylums. Costs the state too much money to keep them alive . . . And why? In God's name will you tell me why they keep bugs like Rudie alive? He stopped abruptly and glanced at the sea. "Is that the Spaniard?"

"Yes," I said shortly. I didn't like Weiner.

"Well, he made it too, huh? I thought DuFond was with him. God almighty, what a trip it's been. Damn Moll for sticking me with Rudie and that other corpse. Bad enough trying to make it myself but with those two—it's a wonder I'm here—at all!"

"Flaubert said you killed Dunning," I said.

"He's a liar," Weiner said in disgust. "Killed Dunning! Nobody had to kill Dunning. He was ready to die when he left. The first day in the jungle killed him. I found him stiff as a bamboo in the morning, lying right where he went to sleep. Rudie said I killed him? . . . don't tell me you believed him! Believed a bug like that? Don't be a fool. But I tell you, by God, it was a joy to me when that imbecile lit out on his own. He kept yelling, You're going to kill me too, and then he ran. A good thing too, because I might have killed him at that if he'd kept on giving me the jitters like he was. He damn well ought to be dead . . . What are you staring at?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Well, don't stare at me like that or I'll break your jaw."

I said evenly: "You'll break nothing."

"Oh, no?" he said.

"No," I said. "You talk too much. You didn't talk so much when Moll was on his feet."

(Continued on page 64)

Brush Up!

Keep Your Personality "In Step"



In this changing world, the "sweet girl" and the "cute girl" belong to the past. Modern woman finds herself in a new age—with different standards, new attitudes, new demands. Whether you are fifteen or fifty a mere sentence often "dates" you.

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Movie Stuff and Nonsense . . .

EVEN before our first column went to press, this corner had already received snappy photos of Patricia Ellis taking a sun-bath at her Malibu Beach home, close-ups of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell cutting a slice of their matrimonial cake, and angle-shots of Anita Louise modeling a chic town ensemble of Burgundy wool. Miss Ellis' one-piece suit is fine; we wish the Powell-Blondell combination a happy honeymoon; and Miss Louise's Burgundy wool wraps around swell. But models and matrimonia leave us cold. Whether it is Miss Astor's horse or her diary that is making history this week, we suggest that Hollywood's future does not hang on it. . . . The red-hot entry of June tenth, or who ate last in whose company at Hollywood's Coconut Grove, does not arouse in us the interest that the forthcoming productions of Sean O'Casey's "Plough and the Stars" or Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" does. Hollywood, it is true, lives on publicity, which is air, meat, and side-dishes to it. . . . We'd rather talk about the Samuel Goldwyn production of Sinclair Lewis' best-seller, stage-hit, "Dodsworth," which has come to town with the veteran Walter Huston as the Sam Dodsworth who retired from the automobile business in Zenith, Ohio, and plunged into a de-luxe tour of Europe. Directed by William Wyler, prepared for the screen by Sidney Howard, "Dodsworth" reaches a level of intelligent, literate screen entertainment, above the average fare. No fireworks, no film bombshell, it possesses the virtues of a good script, sensitive direction, and excellent performances by Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton. . . . As a study of an American millionaire, sampling, after a lifetime of making automobiles pay, the suaver, traditionalized culture of the Old World, "Dodsworth" adds little to the previous portraits of similar millionaires. The big business men of American film and novel treatment have looked on the Louvre before and said—so what? And carburetors, in their opinion, have a contemporary cultural value lacking in the guide-book ruins of a Greek temple. Their wives are title-hunters; their European friends gigolos or purse-snatchers; their daughters models of home-talent virtue and housewifely thrift. . . . This formalized conception of the American abroad also is "Dodsworth." What distinguishes the Goldwyn production from those which have preceded it is the obvious delight with which Huston plays Dodsworth, clothing him with a good-humored realism, sympathy, and understanding. This side of caricature, Huston's playing the domestic scene in the Paris bedroom, in which, taking his pants off, pennies and dimes roll under the bed, bringing the crack, "I'm a millionaire, and I still look for my pennies," sums up

the quality of simple realism director, scenarist and actor have brought to Lewis' novel. . . . However, it is not amiss that somebody on the Coast should decide to vary the formula a little. Not all our millionaires are homespun heroes, domestic darlings, Mr. Boks. The chronicle of the self-made man, America's contribution to the gallery of world heroes, becomes an out-dated item in view of our mounting inheritance taxes. It belongs to another era of American history that went out with the gold standard. Dodsworth, after thirty years of burning the midnight oil, hard work, and salesmanship, might have made his first European trip, and changed the whole center of his life thereby, but today, our best families sail on the Queen Mary as easily and as regularly as the rest of us take the Bronx Express home. And it is even whispered in Wall St. smokers, that Mr. J. P. Morgan indulges in the treasonable sentiment of preferring his Scotch shooting lodge to his Long Island Sound moorings any time.

Among the foreign importations is an amusing fable out of France, "La Kermesse Heroique," winner of the Grand Prix for Cinema in Paris. Most European prize winners turn out sad horses, but this seventh-century droll tale of the occupation by Spanish troops of a small Flemish border town, is a rich little satire, salted with a welcome ribaldry, and in the great tradition of French literature. All cobble stones, solid husbands, and good thick pumpernickel bread, the village of Boom is a merchant's paradise. They sell fish well in Boom, and their cows are uddered big, but the art of warfare is not one of the town's accomplishments. The invasion of the armored troops of Spain brings panic on these warriors of the butcher shop and fish stall. Rape, plunder and riot almost frighten the Mayor out of his wide Flemish trousers. The brave burgomaster, thereupon, plays dead. The Spanish Duke will respect the town's mourning and quarter his troops elsewhere. But the Mayor's wife, being still young, practical, and blonde, welcomes the moustached Spanish nobleman into Boom, quarters his lieutenants among the aldermen's wives, the soldiers in the inns, and leaves the fears of the burgomaster to the wiles of the women. . . . The film is a witty commentary on the genesis of the middle-class, directed with a deft hand by Jacques Feyder, and reminds one of those rich, stout, ruffed, drygoods-shop heroes of Franz Hals' paintings. One needs French to catch all the seasoned Gallic innuendoes of the original dialogue, but the English subtitles convey a great deal, including the Mayor's wife's practical estimation of the valour of the Duke the morning following the occupation.

—ALFRED HAYES

A Word or two of Books . . .

**Mr. Hindus Turns to Fiction—
Moscow Skies.** By Maurice Hindus. Random House. \$2.75

WHAT is it that makes excellent reporters such as Carleton Beals, Louis Adamic, Maurice Hindus, yearn to be novelists? Is it some unconscious depreciation of their own trade and talents? Why this feeling that the novel is an immeasurably higher form of letters than journalism at its best, which seems to be devil good journalists into becoming indifferent novelists? We give up; at least for the moment. But the fact remains that Carleton Beal's superb "Crime of Cuba" and Louis Adamic's magnificent "Native's Return," are fine art, while their novels make one wish that they had not yielded to the temptations of an art-form in which they obviously are not as much at home. The same thing is true of Maurice Hindus. No journalist since the Russian Revolution has told the American people as well and as competently what the Revolution has done to the Russian people as did Maurice Hindus in "Broken Earth," "Humanity Uprooted," "Red Bread," and "The Great Offensive."

But Mr. Hindus was not satisfied with being an excellent journalist. He had to present the same panorama in novel form. And now he has done it in "Moscow Skies." And what one gets is journalism burdened by the apparatus of a novel; not living characters but types which are fitted into the apparatus. But though, in this book, Mr. Hindus chose to hamper his own gifts, he emerges in spite of himself as what he is—an excellent journalist.

"Moscow Skies" is a panoramic picture of the tremendous psychological cost to the Russian people of the essential and stupendous Five Year Plan which transformed a largely agrarian country into a modern industrial society. The central character of the novel is an American newspaper man who never quite comes to life. Through this colleague of his whom Mr. Hindus uses as a microscope, he examines minutely one drop in the great ocean of Russian life. The idea is excellent, for the drop is a Moscow apartment house whose occupants reflect all the strains and stresses, the contradictions, the terrors and hysterias which grip ordinary mortals in a period of revolutionary construction. But the trouble is that the actors in his drama are types rather than characters; they are sociological sandwich boards rather than men and women. Still, what Mr. Hindus writes on these sandwich boards is good sociology. The American reader begins to understand just how the unavoidable interference of the government in the lives of men and women affected these lives in detail; just how it felt to be a liberated workman—the privileged of the new regime; just how the scientist felt who was encouraged to do all he could within his province, only to be arrested for an indiscreet remark about the secret police; in a word, what happens to the human emotions in a society in the process of being born.

**The Haymarket Tragedy
The History of the Haymarket Affair.**

By Henry David.

Farrar & Rinehart. \$4

In order to write a complete history of the Haymarket tragedy, Mr. David had to describe the social conditions in which it took place—the open war between American capital and labor; the state of mind of the American workers and the influence upon them of the revolutionary thought of the period; the psychology of American capital and of that vague entity known as "the public mind." All this he has done in an admirably written and well

**And Mr. Wells
Returns to Philosophy
The Anatomy of Frustration.**

By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. \$2

Where Mr. Hindus is a journalist who yearns to be a novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells is a novelist who yearns to be a philosopher. In "The Anatomy of Frustration" he views the modern world through the eyes of a deceased American scientist and industrialist, one William Burroughs Steele, whose many-volumed work on the subject Mr. Wells pretends to be synthesizing, and tries to find out just why it is such a mess—Steele's word for it. His hypothesis is that "men have no right to a thousand contrasted faiths and creeds and that the multitudinousness of people in these matters is merely due to bad education, mental and moral indolence, slovenliness of statement and the failure to clinch issues." And his "modern solution" for the problems presented by this multitudinousness is, "to put it simply, self-indentification with the whole of life," a solution which may be modern but can hardly be called new, since it has been the objective of all sorts of attempts to solve the human mess, from philosophic systems to mental science cults.

Mr. Wells proceeds to analyze the various forms of frustration which this confusion involves—frustration through confusions in thought, frustration by the subconscious, the frustration of youth, the frustration of socialism, and so on—and decides that the crowning frustrations are those of Vision and of Truth. What we need, he thinks, is synthesis. And this could be provided through a New Encyclopedia which would sift and digest human knowledge and make it accessible to all. And what of the warring interests which separate mankind into mutually antagonistic groups and for which the "thousand contrasted faiths and creeds" serve largely as rationalizations, as propaganda? In spite of his eloquent plea for self-indentification with the whole, it looks as if the world of human ideas and beliefs would long continue to be inhabited by intellectual barkers crying panaceas guaranteed to cure the world's ills according to the desires of this or that social group rather than through that harmonious flourishing together of an infinite variety of special interests which Mr. Wells envisages.

**The Haymarket Tragedy
The History of the Haymarket Affair.**

By Henry David.

Farrar & Rinehart. \$4

documented book. The story of the mass meeting of workers at the Chicago Haymarket on May 5, 1886, at which a bomb thrown by an unknown hand killed one policeman and wounded many persons, is vividly told. As one of the most important events in American history, the Haymarket bombing deserves the careful and thorough treatment which Mr. David has given it.

**A New Thriller
The Wheel that Turned.**

By Kathleen Moore Knight. Published for the Crime Club by Doubleday Doran & Company. \$2.

Who poisoned Seth Bassett and why? This is the mystery unravelled in Kathleen Moore's story of murder in a family living on an isolated island off Cape Cod. The people are skillfully characterized; the suspense well sustained. The story should please that large public (one of whom I am which, as the orator said) which is always on the lookout for new thrillers.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

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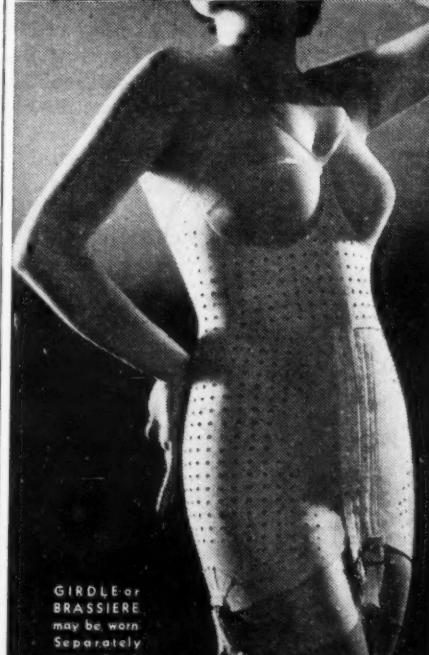
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Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep

(Continued from page 61)

"I'm not afraid of Moll," Weiner said, sneering. "I'm not afraid of any man."

I laughed shortly. "You wouldn't say that if Moll were all right. You wouldn't talk back to him."

"The hell with Moll," he said, reddening. "I'll talk back to you. You're as bad as Flaubert. You're no damn good either, and you know it." He got up and went over to where Flaubert was still sleeping, despite the conversation. "Look at him. Like a sleeping beauty. Get the hell up, Rudie, poor Rudie!" He kicked Flaubert savagely in the ribs.

Flaubert came out of his sleep wailing. It was instinctive to him. He leaped to his feet, stared at Weiner's laughing face a moment, then uttered a shrill scream of terror and fled eastward along the shore. Weiner watched him until he reached the curve in the beach and disappeared.

I said: "You wouldn't have done that if Moll were all right." My voice was faint and raspy. "You're a coward."

His face leered. "The hell with Moll. I'm not afraid of him. I never was afraid of him!" To prove this point he kicked Moll's prostrate body. Moll grunted but did not move. I stepped over and shoved him away.

"Leave him alone," I said.

Weiner stared at me for a moment, then laughed heartily and gave me a push. I lost my balance

and fell flat on my face. My truss slipped out of place and a long pain struck through me.

When I sat up Weiner was still laughing. Telez came back from the water and silently pulled on his trousers, eyeing Weiner coldly. Weiner said jeeringly: "Well, well, hello. If it isn't little Jesus!"

Telez said nothing.

"Listen, you bandy-legged bum," Weiner said, turning to me, shaking an index finger at my face; "if you ever touch me again I'll break every bone in your body. You hear me? This crew is going to have a master, and I'm it, see? I'm the dictator . . ." He paused and played with the word. "Dictator . . . dictator. Sure, that's what I'm going to be! Dictator of the damned; and you'll all do as I say."

I said: "All right. That's fine. You'll be dictator. You'll handle the whole escape."

"Now you're talking," Weiner said, surprised.

"Sure," I said. "I'm talking. It's going to be interesting. I want to see what you can do, you're always talking so much about the strong and the weak. Kill the weak. Raise the strong. That's Weiner sounding off. Weiner the strong. I want to see how you handle us."

"I'll handle you all right," he said gratingly. "You don't think so?"

"I'm not saying," I said. "But I want to see how you handle George

Verne. Moll didn't want Verne along. Moll knew he couldn't handle Verne. All right. You're dictator. I want to see how you do it—how you handle Verne."

Weiner looked blank. He wet his lips and looked at my eyes for a long time. Then he glanced over at Telez. Telez was buttoning his trousers. There was nothing in his face at all. He just had a sullen expression around his mouth. Finally Weiner asked: "What are you talking about?"

I said: "Verne," and I smiled nastily.

"Verne . . ." Weiner said slowly. "What's he got to do with this? He isn't in."

"Yes he is," I said. "He's in all right. He's declared himself in. He followed Telez and DuFond and he's coming on with DuFond now. He'll be here soon. I was worried that he'd take charge. Now he won't. You're going to be dictator."

Weiner's eyes wavered. He looked vague. "I'm not afraid of Verne," he said emptily. "I'm not afraid of any one." But now he was talking at himself.

"That's fine," I said. "That takes care of Verne, then. We won't have to worry about him."

"I'm not afraid of him," Weiner repeated. But he didn't believe it himself, and he knew it.

9

About fifteen minutes later another man appeared on the beach around the bend in the east, and called to us. We all sat up and peered at him. The sun was higher now and

I could feel the heat starting. There was no breeze at all and the ocean looked like blue glass far out, and green glass where the water was shallow. The blue sky was very close. It is always like that in the tropics. The nearer the equator you are, the closer to earth the sky is. When you go to the temperate zones the sky rises and grows hostile and cold.

The man who had called from the bend in the shore was Louis Benet. I was surprised to see him. I had expected all the men to arrive at precisely the spot where Cambreau and I did. Of course they had not. Benet had come out of the jungle far down the beach. When I saw him, I instantly thought of Pennington—who had started with him—and wondered whether or not his diseased lungs had held out.

Benet waved to us when he realized that we saw him. He didn't come any closer, just waved, and I got the idea that he was waving for us to come east on the beach.

Weiner got up and said: "He wants us to come. By God, I'll bet he's found the boat!"

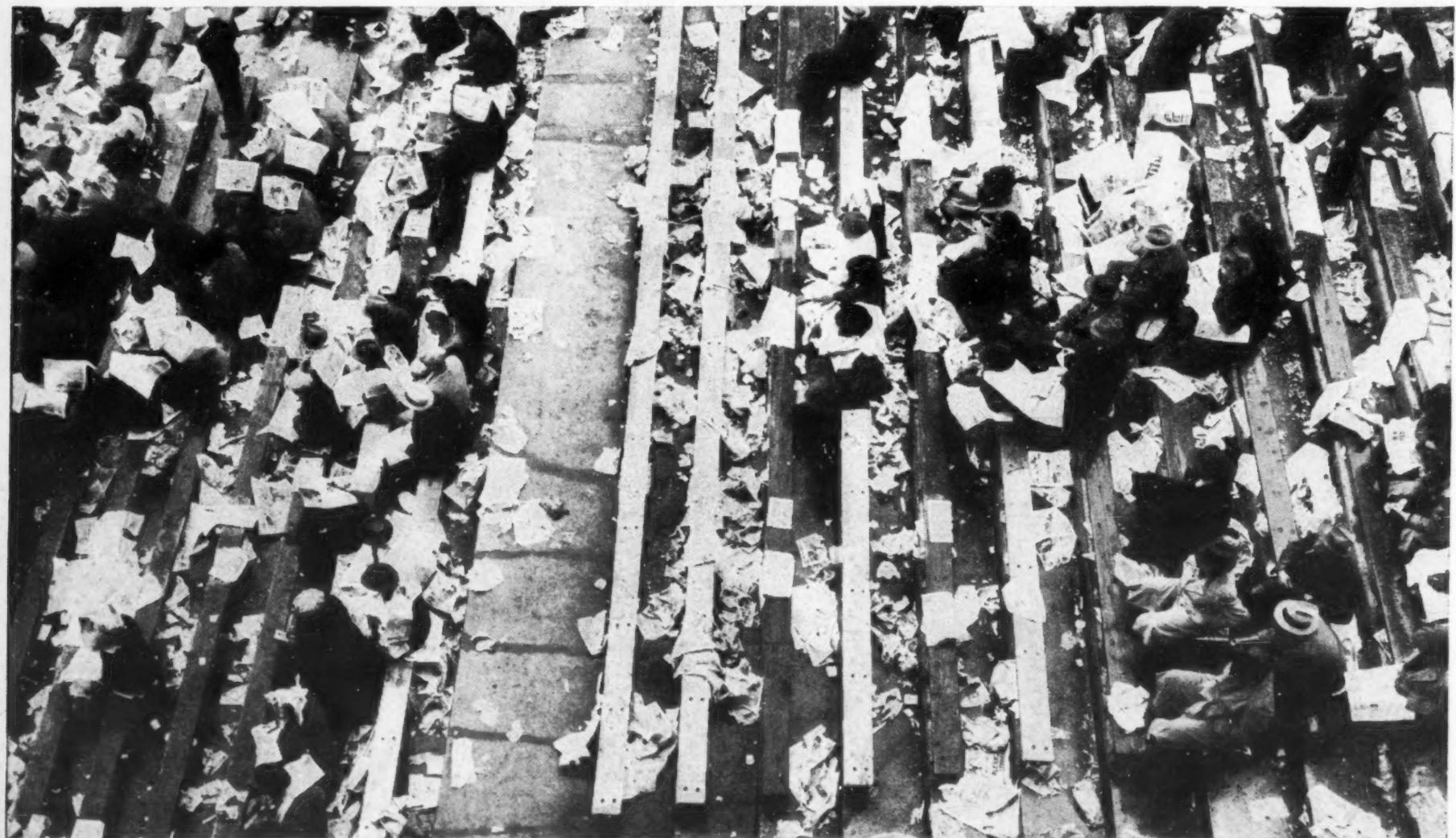
I got up too. Benet waved once more and then ran back and disappeared out of sight around the bend. Weiner started at once, walking toward the spot where Benet had vanished.

I said: "Wait a minute. You've got to help me with Moll. I can't carry him alone."

Weiner half turned around. "The hell with him."

"You can't do that," I said. "You can't leave him here. He's dying!"

(Continued in next issue)



Above are seen baseball's most faithful fans, those who remained in the uncovered bleachers of the Polo Grounds until the wet and bitter end of the first game of the World Series, in which the Giants, behind the dripping form of Carl Hubbell, splashed their way to a 6 to 1 victory over the Yankees

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—SYLVIA HAASCH, Director
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